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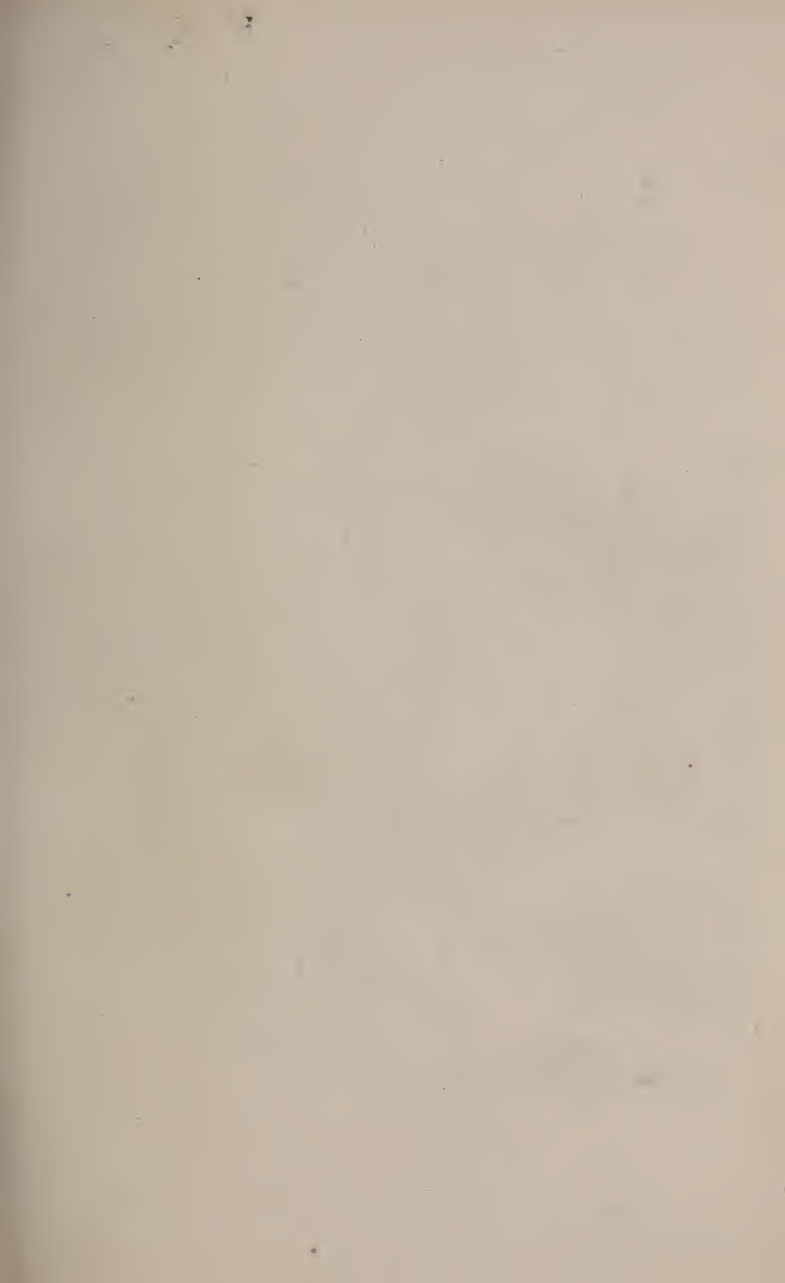
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GATHERED LAMBS.

GATHERED LAMBS.

SHOWING

HOW JESUS THE "GOOD SHEPHERD" LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR US, AND
HOW MANY LITTLE LAMBS HAVE BEEN GATHERED INTO HIS FOLD.

#7645

BY

REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND. ✓

AUTHOR OF

"THE BETTER LIFE," "JESUS THE WAY," "JESUS
AND THE LITTLE ONES," "SKETCHES OF PAL-
ESTINE," "JESUS' LAMBS," "CHILD'S
GUIDE TO HEAVEN," ETC



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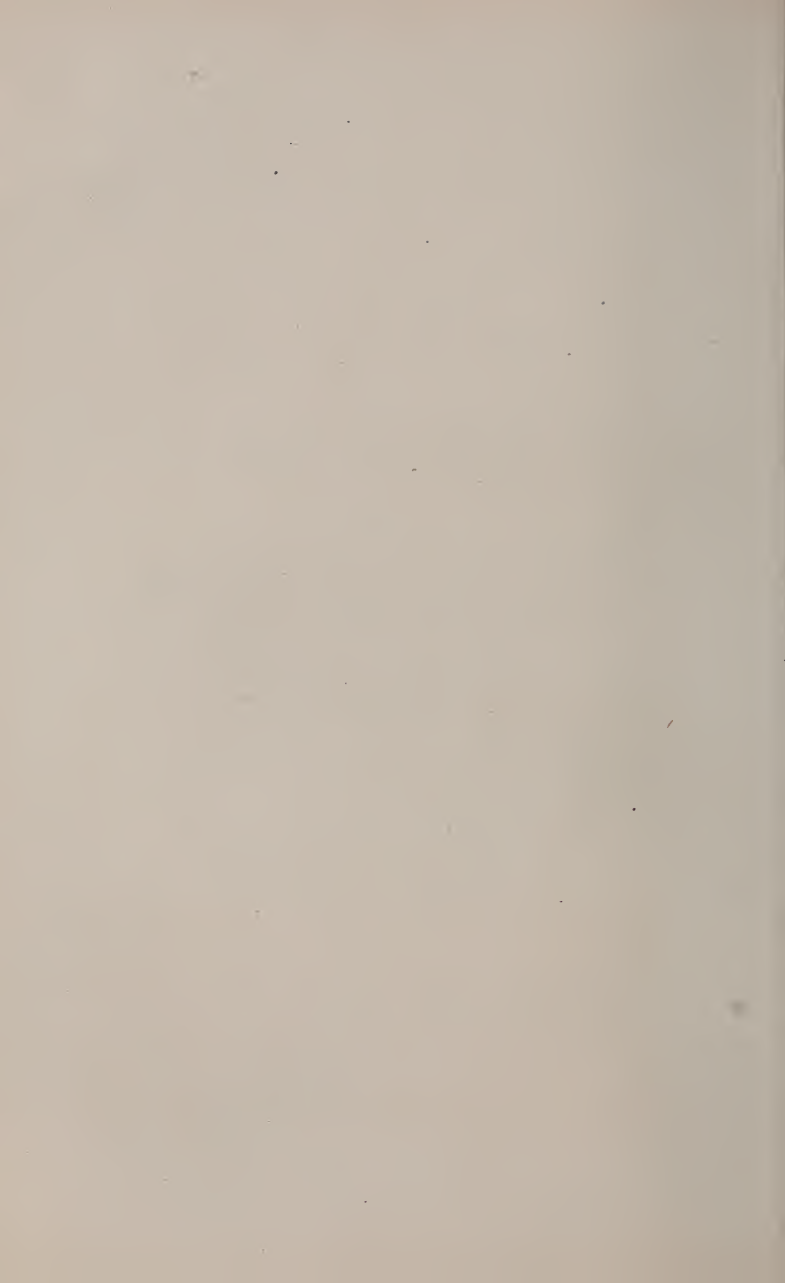
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DEDICATION.
TO
THE DEAR CHILDREN

In this country and Great Britain.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTION-
ATELY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,
WITH THE PRAYER THAT IT MAY BE THE
MEANS, IN THE HANDS OF GOD, OF GATHER-
ING MANY STRAY LAMBS INTO THE FOLD OF CHRIST
AND THAT IT MAY HELP MANY WHO NOW
LOVE THE "GOOD SHEPHERD" TO FOL-
LOW HIM CLOSELY AND TO OBEY
ALL HIS COMMANDS.

VERNON, CT., Jan., 1870.



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GATHERED LAMBS.

CHAPTER I.

Flocks upon the Mountains in Scotland—"Ten thousand Sheep"—Jesus the "Good Shepherd"—Sheep divided from the Goats—Flocks of Sheep at Nazareth—Their names—Mountains in Switzerland—Lambs carried in the Shepherd's arms—"The Lord is my Shepherd"—Mr. Gordon Furlong—McCheyne's Verses.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry *them* in his bosom, *and* shall gently lead those that are with young."—Isaiah xl: 11.



HAVE you, my dear little friend, ever lived among shepherds who do nothing but take care of their sheep and lambs?

If not, it may be I can tell you something about the way they look after their flocks that will interest you.

In mountainous regions in Scotland and other countries, you will often see no animals but sheep whichever way you look. And if you wander off on those mountains you will find that the large flocks of sheep have shepherds who take care of them all the time.

Last summer we spent two weeks away in the Highlands of Scotland at the foot of that high mountain—Ben Nevis. It is so high that the snow never all melts off the top and sides of it. As we used to climb up the steep sides of Ben Nevis, we often came to deep ravines where the snow was many feet deep.

The gentleman whom we were visiting owned a farm of no less size than TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND ACRES. And how many sheep and lambs do you think he had? "Ten hundred," do I hear you say?

Well, that would be a great many. But he had more than that. He had TEN THOUSAND. He had to employ a great many men to take care of so many sheep. As you may suppose there was a great deal of talk in that family about sheep and *lambs*.

One morning I got a letter from the gentleman who published my books in London. And as I read it I turned to my wife, and said: "*Six thousand of 'Jesus' Lambs' have been sold.*"

All in the room looked up, wondering what I could mean. All had heard about Mr. Wallace's lambs being sold, but who had ever heard before of "*Jesus' lambs*" being sold? They did not know that that was the name of one of my little books for children.

I used to love to follow Mr. Wallace's

shepherds away up the sides of the steep mountain and see them, with their dogs, bring down and gather the lambs into the fold.

The shepherds had often risked their own lives in trying to save the sheep and lambs that had got into dangerous places where they could not get out.

I may tell you an interesting story in another chapter about how Sandy, one of these shepherds, nearly lost his life while he saved the lives of a good many lambs, and thus gathered them into the fold. And I shall try and tell you how it was that Jesus, our "GOOD SHEPHERD," laid down his life for us. His words, you know, are: "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD; I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE SHEEP." (John x: 14, 15.)

Do you feel, my dear little friend, that

Jesus has "gathered" you as one of his precious lambs in his bosom, and that he is now carrying you in his loving arms? Do I hear you say, "I fear I have never come to Jesus when he has called to me? He has been willing to make me one of his 'GATHERED LAMBS,' but I have only fled away from his open arms, and now I feel I am lost on the cold, dark mountains of sin."

If this is the way you feel, then I have some comforting words for you from the Word of God. We will find them in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse: "FOR THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST."

I feel very anxious that you should come to him before it is forever too late. You know there is a separation day coming.

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

“And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats:

“And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

“Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

When we were in Palestine, we spent four days in Nazareth, the very place where Jesus lived for thirty years.

One evening I saw a large flock of sheep following their shepherd. He knew them all by name, for every sheep and lamb had

its *own* name. It would not come if called by any other name than its own. *I* could not tell one sheep from another, but the shepherd knew all his own sheep as well as a mother knows all her children.

I then thought of how Jesus had seen just such flocks of sheep and lambs on those very hillsides eighteen hundred years ago. As I watched that shepherd in Nazareth, it seemed as if I could almost hear our Savior saying, in those very words he spoke so long ago: "The sheep hear the shepherd's voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice: and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." Yes, and it seemed also that I could again hear him saying: "I

AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD; I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE SHEEP."

On the mountains of Switzerland I have often loved to watch the shepherds with their large flocks of sheep and lambs. It is very amusing to see the lambs when strong and full of life, frisking and jumping about. But when the pasture gets poor on one side of the mountains the shepherds then have to get their flocks to some place where the grass is green and fresh. At such times you may often see some little lambs that are not so strong as the rest. The cold often chills them, and they can not walk; and then the shepherds take the weakest lambs and carry them in their warm bosoms. They do not smother them, but leave their heads out, so that they can breathe easily. But none of those shepherds love their lambs half as much

as JESUS loves the lambs in his flock—his
“GATHERED LAMBS.”

Do you belong to Christ's flock, my little friends? If not I should think you would want to come to him at once, and ask him to receive you into his fold; for it is a very safe place. Those sheep and lambs that I saw in Nazareth were on their way to the “*sheep fold*.” If they had stayed on those hillsides that night I have no doubt but some of them would have been killed by the wild beasts that were prowling about; for only half an hour before we saw what we thought was a wolf or jackal.

Just so, my dear little one, it is very dangerous for you not to follow Jesus. He is the only one that can lead you safely home to heaven. If you will but come and trust in him who died on the cross for us, you can then *truthfully* say, in the words

of the 23d Psalm, which so many children learn: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." When you can say, "The Lord is my shepherd," that is a sign that God has forgiven you your sins, and made you his own dear child. My friend, Gordon Furlong, Esq., once sat in a church in London beside a lady whom he had never seen before. When the minister read the Scriptures, Mr. Furlong took his Bible from his pocket, and looked over as the 23d Psalm was read: at the same time he took out his

pencil, and drew a line under the little word "MY;" so that it read, "The Lord is *my* shepherd; I shall not want." Often during the service the lady wondered why the stranger had made that black mark under the word *my*. She could not help noticing this; for she had been looking over with Mr. Furlong as the chapter was read. When the service was over the lady's curiosity was so much awakened that she could not help saying, "Excuse me, but I wish to ask why you drew your pencil under that little word *my* in the first verse of the chapter that was read?" "O," said he, "I felt the Lord *was my* shepherd; and I wondered if he was *yours*, too." The lady could not forget that answer: and she had no peace till she came as a poor lost sinner to Jesus, and asked him to forgive her and receive her

into his fold; and then she too could say with joyful heart: "*The Lord is MY shepherd; I shall not want.* He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Now, my dear child, if you can not say "The Lord is *my* shepherd," then it is because you have not come to him and asked him to receive you into his flock. His words to you are, "COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." Yes, he loves to have little children come to him. His tender words you have often heard: "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*"

When I was in Scotland I was very anxious to see the church where that holy man, *Robert McCheyne*, used to preach to children. During his short life he saw

many little ones coming to the arms of the Good Shepherd. I have found in the *Children's Friend* some verses of his, which I think will interest you :

THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

"SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By His blood from hell he frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.

"Suffer me, my worthy father,
At His pierced feet to fall;
Why forbid me? help me, rather,
Jesus is my all in all.

"Suffer me to run unto Him;
Gentle sisters, come with me;
Oh, that all I love but knew Him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

"Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

GATHERED LAMBS.

"Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me;
Jesus loves me to the end.

Gentle Shepherd, on Thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb;
Give me faith, and make me bolder,
Till with Thee in heaven I am."




VIEW OF JERUSALEM. Page 21.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLACE WHERE JESUS WAS CRUCIFIED.

Our visit to Jerusalem—First appearance of the City—
Looking for the place where He was Crucified—Little boy
at Prayer—Praying not enough—Jesus Found at home—
Children's Meetings in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle—Many
Boys in tears—Letter from a boy in London.

“The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city.” —
John xix: 20.

N this chapter I want to tell you a
little of how much the GOOD SHEP-
HERD had to suffer for the lambs of
his flock before he could gather them into
his fold.

When I was a child, I used to think I
should very much like to see the place
where Jesus was crucified. And after I
learned to trust in the dear Savior, and to

love him, I felt a much stronger desire to see the city in which he suffered on the cross. And so, on the 28th of July, 1866, my wife and I left New York for Jerusalem. After four months' traveling through many different countries, we, on the first day of December, looked upon that city which so many call "*the Holy.*" We stood with our hats off; and I think, at least in my eyes, there were some tears. These were the words that came to my lips, "*That was where Jesus died on the cross that I might be saved.*"

It was as warm as summer is in the United States; and the city, with its tall minarets and lofty domes, really looked beautiful in the clear sunlight; but this did not satisfy us. So away we hastened to our hotel; and, as soon as possible, we were on our way to the place where very

many believe our Lord was nailed to the cross.

Hundreds of years ago a church was built over the spot; and it is also supposed to cover the tomb in which the body of Christ was buried.

From the sepulcher we went up some high steps at one end of the church, where, we were told, was "*the place where he was crucified.*" As we drew near it, I noticed a little boy, not more than six years of age, upon his knees, with clasped hands, praying. I think the little fellow had been brought all the way from Italy to Jerusalem, that he might see the place where Jesus "was wounded for our transgressions." A gentleman, probably his father, was with him. I wished very much that I could have spoken his language, so that I might have told him that, because Jesus

died for us on Calvary, God is now ready to forgive us all our sins. I longed to know if he was one of Jesus' "GATHERED LAMBS."

Some people are so foolish and ignorant as to think that, if they go to Jerusalem, and especially if they bathe in the Jordan, where Jesus was baptized, they are sure of reaching heaven at last. What a sad mistake! I wondered if that dear boy made that mistake. I wanted to say to him that he could never get to heaven *unless* he really *trusted in Jesus with all his heart*. I was sorry I could not tell him that *saying* many prayers would never save him; but that he must, as a lost sinner, come to Christ and believe in him who, if not exactly in that very spot, at least not very far from there, was nailed to a cruel cross, that he might be forgiven.

Now, my dear little friend, have *you* sometimes thought that, if you could only go to Jerusalem, and see the place where Jesus suffered so much, you would become a Christian? Ah, you need not go to that far-off city to find Jesus as *your* Savior. Thousands of children, who never saw Jerusalem, have learned to trust in the Savior, and are now happy Christians.

When I was holding meetings in Mr. Spurgeon's great tabernacle in London last year, I saw many little children weeping to think they had never loved the dear Redeemer, who gave his life to purchase our pardon; and when they were told how ready God was to forgive them for Christ's sake, they went and told him they were sorry for their sins, and asked him to forgive them for Jesus' sake, and to give them new hearts. God answered

their prayers; and I am glad to hear from very many of these children that they are now showing by their changed lives that they really did give themselves to Christ, and that they are now his own happy children.

In a boys' school in London, one day I saw more than fifty boys weeping for their sins. They had been hearing about the dreadful sufferings of Jesus on the cross for us; and they felt very sorry at the thought that it was *their* sins that helped to nail him there: and to think that they had never loved him made the tears flow down their cheeks. Then we told them that tears would not wash their sins away, but that Jesus was ready to forgive them; and that, if they would come at once to him, he would forgive them and fit them for heaven. Then we

all prayed together; and most of those dear boys, at that very time, while we were praying, thought they gave themselves up to Christ.

I will let you read a letter from one of these boys, who is eleven years of age. It may help you, my little friend, to see the way to come to the dear Savior. You will find it is not necessary to go to Jerusalem to seek him.

“July 18th, 1867.

“DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—When I came to your meeting on Tuesday, I was giddy and thoughtless, and only came to hear the anecdotes; but I was aroused, and saw my error; and when I went home, I knelt down and prayed to God to forgive me; and after that I felt very happy, and ever since that I have felt changed in

mind. And now I can say, with all my heart:

“Praise the lord; He’s pardoned me!
From my load of sin I’m free:
NOW MY SAVIOR I CAN SEE;
Praise the Lord!”

“I now close this short note. With kind love, I remain, yours,

“A sinner saved,

“——”

I wrote to this boy a few days ago; for I did not wish to make use of his letter unless I felt quite sure that he was holding out as a Christian. As I sent my love to all the boys, they wrote me a letter, which was signed by *thirty-four*. I will let you read a part of it:

“*September 10th, 1867.*

“DEAR SIR:—We were very pleased in receiving a letter from you this morn-

ing. We have been expecting to hear from you for some time; and, having seen no tidings of you in *The Revival*, nor hearing of you from any one, your letter quite refreshed us, and gave us some encouragement.

“We have had an early meeting at six o'clock every morning ever since you left us. It extends to about half an hour. We read in the Bible and pray, and sing some of your sweet hymns: that makes us happy; and then we are strong in Jesus for the day's work. We pray for you almost or quite every day, that a blessing may come out of your labors, and that many may be brought out of darkness into the precious vineyard of Christ. So, according to your letter, our prayers have been answered.

“Rev. Mr. D—— joined our morning

meeting on Sunday last at seven o'clock, and gave us some words of advice. We still have our meetings at night, and sing and pray to the praise and glory of God. We often think of you, and were very anxious before we received a letter from you. We are now going to have a meeting in the school-room, so that the day-boys can join.

“Pray for us, that we may not enter into temptation, and that we may hold fast to that blessed Savior; and, also, that we may all meet in heaven, praising him who died to save us from everlasting fire. And with Christian love to Mrs. Hammond and yourself, we remain,

“Yours in Christ.”

(Signed by THIRTY-FOUR.)

Last winter, when I was holding some meetings in Lockport, New York, a lady

handed me the following letter about her little boy. Read it, and see if you don't think this little fellow of only *five* summers, is one of Jesus' "GATHERED LAMBS." I think his own *mother* ought to be as good a judge as any one, especially as she signs herself "One who has been a *boarder*, but is now a *worker*." She meant that before those meetings she had been like a *boarder* in the Lord's family, and had not tried to work for him like a child for the father he loves. But here is the letter :

"*Lockport, April 3d, 1859.*

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—My little boy, only five years old, thinks he has been converted by the means of your blessed meetings. He can not feel satisfied without I write you a little letter for him; so I thought I would tell of a few of the evi-

dences he gives of a change of heart and purpose.

“Last week he would ask me frequently if I thought he was converted. I told him if he loved Jesus best of all, he might think he was his child. He answered readily, ‘Mamma, I *do* love Jesus very much, better than any one else.’ He sings nearly all the time some of your beautiful hymns. He said to me yesterday, ‘Mamma, if I should stop praying I should go back, back, until I stepped into the fire.’

“On returning from meeting this morning, he said to me: ‘Mamma, I was very naughty while you were away. I was angry with my little brother; I prayed Jesus to forgive me, and I’ll try to be good now.’ I asked him who tempted him to do wrong. He said: ‘Satan; he loved me when I did wrong, but I don’t

want *him* to love me. *I love Jesus*; and if I pray to him a great deal, he will make me good.'

"Pray for me, that I may be enabled to guide his feet in the path of holiness.

"One who has been a boarder, but *is now trying* to be a *worker*.

"_____"

Now, my dear young friend, would not you like to be a Christian? You can be; you have only to kneel down and pray to God for Christ's sake to forgive you all your sins. It was for just such lost sinners as you that Jesus died. O, how kind he was, to bear such dreadful sufferings that we might be saved! Try and offer this little prayer from the heart:

"O God, show me that Jesus, the Good SHEPHERD, is very near me now, and that

he is willing to love me; and teach me how he suffered that I might be forgiven my many sins and be found at last in his fold.

“Holy Spirit, help me to see Jesus as MY SAVIOR: and O, dear Jesus, forgive me that I have not loved thee; give me a new heart that I may love thee now; take me as I am, and make me thine forever, for thine own sake.

“AMEN.”

THOU ART VERY NEAR.

Though I never see the place
Where, dear Savior, Thou didst die;
Yet I oft may see thy face,
Here on earth beneath the sky.

Pleasant it, indeed, would be,
Could I to that city go,
Where, upon dark Calvary,
Thou didst die so long ago.

Need I go so far away ?

No! for Thou art very near.

Thou wilt hear me if I pray ;

Thou wilt drive away my fear.

Jesus, now I come to Thee :

Show me, Lord, Thy pierced brow ;


Teach me how Thou died for me ;

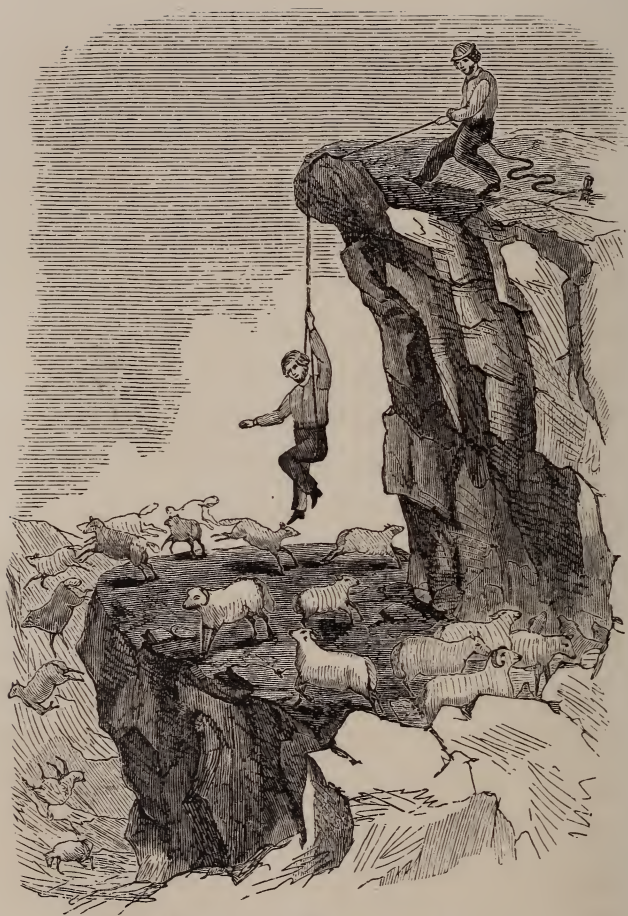
Help me come to Thee "just now."

CHAPTER III.

Lambs on "Castle Rock"—Sandy, the "Chief Shepherd"—Climbing "Ben Nevis"—"Lambs shut in"—Shepherds trying to Save them—Risks his Life—Foolish Sheep fleeing from him—Part of the Lambs Saved—How Christ Died to save His sheep—His great Love for us—Children on the dark Mountains—Miner Dying to Save his Son—Little Girl led to Christ—"How Jesus must have Loved me"—"I want to Work for Him"—"I Love Jesus; yes, I do"—A good Letter, full of mistakes—The "Golden Chain" in verse—Jesus wants to Save you—*Child's Prayer*—Christ's Love toward children.

"I lay down My life for the sheep."—John x: 15.

 PROMISED in the first chapter to tell you of how the shepherds in the Highlands of Scotland sometimes risk their lives that they may save the sheep and lambs that get into dangerous places.



SHEEP ON CASTLE ROCK. Page 37.

One morning Sandy, the "chief shepherd," came, with a troubled face, to Mr. Wallace, whom I was visiting, and said : "A number of sheep have got down on to 'Castle Rock;' and they will die, if they are not soon got out. Shall I go with one of the other shepherds to get them out?" "O yes; right away," said Mr. Wallace. And off they went, with a long rope, to get the prisoners out of prison. I at once said, "And I will go, too." And so, with a friend, we followed after the shepherds over the bogs and up the lofty sides of the rugged mountain.

Come with us, my little friend; see how the sheep are to be got out of the strange place. But we must first see how in the world they got on to that ledge of rocks, away up on the steep sides of the mountain. Well, I will try and tell you.

The sheep and lambs, you know, when feeding in their pastures, are all the time looking for nice bits of fresh green grass ; and so they often go nearly to the top of the high mountains. Well, as these sheep and lambs were picking their way along up, they came to a place where they saw a nice fresh plat of grass a little *below* them, and quickly they jumped down over the rough rocks to get at the morning breakfast. But there was not enough for a breakfast for all ; and, as they were looking about for more, they saw another plat of uncropped grass below them, and then another, and then another, till, at last, they were on "Castle Rock," where, in days before, a good many foolish lambs had been. But while it was very easy to get *down* to that place, it was not at all easy to get up out of it.

They were much like rats in a trap. Below them was a steep precipice hundreds of feet straight down; above them was an overhanging rock nearly forty feet to the top: and they could no more get back the way they came than they could jump to the top of that high rock over their heads. Would n't you think that every one of those sheep would be glad enough to have the kind shepherds come and contrive some way to save them from starving? But let us see if they were. Now, as we come nearer, let us watch and see how they are to be saved.

See, Sandy has tied the rope around him; and Donald, the other shepherd, has hold of it, and is letting him down. See how tight he holds the rope! Ah, if he should let Sandy fall, how quickly he would be dashed in pieces!

“Hold tight, Donald, or you will lose your friend!”

“Aye, aye, I’ll no let him gang.”

But look! look! O, see what some of the poor foolish lambs are doing! O dear, they are jumping right off the edge of the steep precipice, down, down, down among the rocks. Oh, what *fools!* to be afraid of that good shepherd, Sandy. He do n’t wish to hurt them. He has come for miles *to seek and to save them*. Oh! if they would only wait, he might save every one of them.

But they are not *all* jumping off. See, a part of them are huddling up in the corner. They are not going to kill themselves for nothing. O yes, Sandy is among them; and look, he is putting the rope around one of the lambs; and now there he goes up in the air. O yes, the other

shepherd, Donald, is pulling him up, up. Yes, there he is, safe on the rock at the top. And so, one after another of the sheep and lambs are *gathered* at the top.

And now look again. Sandy is tying the rope under his own arms; and Donald is working hard to get him to the top. Up, up, slowly he goes. O dear, if he should fall! If the rope should break he would be dashed all in pieces. There, we can breathe easier now; his feet are on the rock. He is saved, and he has saved the lives of at least part of the sheep on "Castle Rock."

But suppose, my dear little reader, that, just as Sandy had nearly reached the top, the rope had broken, and he had fallen and been killed; and suppose those had been *children* instead of sheep, how would they have felt as they crept to the edge,

and looked over? What would they have said as they looked down and saw the bleeding body of the man who lost his own life in saving theirs? O, I am sure that each one would have said, "How kind he was, to come and seek for us away on this mountain! and then, when he found us down in that prison, O, how kind and loving he was, to risk and lose his life to save us! I shall never forget him. I can not help loving him."

Sandy told me that, one day when he was being pulled up to the top of that rock after he had saved a good many lambs, the rope was nearly worn off where it had been drawn so many times against the edge of the sharp rock; and yet he expected to get the lambs all safely out of danger without getting hurt himself.

But how was it with the GOOD SHEP-

HERD, who said "I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE SHEEP." He well knew all that he must suffer if he would save us from eternal death; and yet he cried, "Deliver them from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom: I give myself a ransom." I think it was because he was thinking of all he must suffer if he would save sinners like you and me, that caused that bloody sweat to stand upon his brow in the *garden of Gethsemane*. He saw how a world of sinners—little children as well—had wandered off into the by and forbidden paths of sin, and how they had followed on from one temptation to another, till all were lost; so that, unless one "MIGHTY TO SAVE" should stretch forth his strong arm, they must forever perish. And he had such a great heart of love, that he was willing to endure all that it was necessary

to make it right for God to forgive us. Sandy had a sort of love for those poor sheep; but it was nothing like the great love of Jesus for you and me. God's Word says, "CHRIST ALSO LOVED US, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR US."

Will you be like those foolish sheep that ran away from the shepherd over the steep rock, and were killed? or will you be like those that let Sandy save them? Some children are just as foolish as those sheep that plunged down into that awful gulf. Some young people seem afraid of the dear loving Jesus: and when he is seeking to save them, they seem to run away from him. How unwise they are! Will you be like them? But I am glad that many dear lambs do not run away from the GOOD SHEPHERD. No, no, they are not so foolish. When they hear his kind

words, "Come unto me," they run to his open arms, and trust him ; and then they feel safe—SAFE FOREVER.

I have just been reading of how a little girl in England was led to love the Savior, by hearing an old story that has often been told to children. I will first tell you the story, as you may not have heard it, and then tell about the little child, who could say, as she thought of Jesus, "HE LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

A miner and his only son used to go down in a deep mine to dig coal. Every night they were drawn to the top in a bucket and rope. One evening, as they were near the top, the father heard a crackling noise above them. He soon saw that the strands of the rope were breaking, and that only three or four of it held him and his dear child from an awful death.

He saw that one or both of them must perish. He quickly said: "My child, I will die to save your life. Lie quietly in the bottom of the basket, and you will soon be safe at the top." And no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he threw himself over, and was dashed in pieces.

I think that father must have been a Christian; and so, he knew that he would at once go to heaven; and, very likely, his son was not prepared to meet God; and so, his father knew he would be sent away into a place of punishment: at any rate, when he might have thrown his son over, and thus saved himself, he the rather gave up his own life, to save his son from a dreadful death.

This story was told to a little girl, who at once saw how it spoke of what JESUS

HAD DONE FOR US, in giving himself a ransom for us. The tears ran down her cheeks, as she said, "O, what love! How Jesus must have loved me!" In a few weeks after, this dear child was laid upon a bed of sickness: it was her *death bed*. Just before she breathed her last, she called her mother, and said:

"Dear mother, I am going to leave you."

"Leave me, my child?"

"Yes, dear mother. I love you much, but I love Jesus very much, too, and I am going to him. And you know, mother, that it is far better than to live here; since He is willing to take me to himself. But before I go, I want you to do one thing."

"Well, my child," said the weeping mother, "what is it?"

“I want you, mother, to go there at the foot of my bed, and you will find a little bag. In it there are eleven shillings. Will you take it, dear mother, to Mr. D——, and ask him to give it to the *Church Missionary Society*? For oh! I love Jesus, who so loved me that he died for me; and I would like that his command to go and preach the Gospel to every creature, should be fulfilled.”

Here is a letter from a little boy in Indianapolis, who was not like those foolish sheep who ran away from the kind shepherd. He not only thinks that he is now following Jesus, but you will see that he wants to *work* for Him. Charlie says, “I WANT TO WORK FOR JESUS.”

“*Indianapolis, Ind., April 27th, 1869.*

“I am sorry to say that my mother

always thought I loved Jesus; but I did not love him: but I am glad to say that I now love him. I pray every day for greater love for him, and to help me to work for him.

“The first day I came to your meetings was the 20th of April, 1869. I heard those blessed hymns sung about Jesus, and they softened my heart some; but it was ‘too stubborn to yield.’ I went back the next day, and then I found Jesus. I wept; but soon I felt I loved him, and I was happy.

“I hope that God will give me a ‘working, loving, and sin-hating’ heart, and also an obedient heart. I shall always try to serve and love him. I have come to all your night meetings. I love to hear how the blessed Jesus died on the cross.

“I have been working for Jesus, and it

makes me happy ; but I feel as though I had done nothing. I want to work more for him. I hope that all will come to Jesus. I can sing ‘I love Jesus ;’ this I know, for my new heart tells me so.

“Pray for me and for a friend of mine, who was converted at the same time I was ; for he and I feel we have not done enough for Jesus, and have not loved him enough.

“Your little friend,

“Charles ——”

I never tire of reading letters from children, who feel that they have found their way to the fold of Christ. Here is one from little “Laura,” “eleven years and five months old.” See how anxious she is to have all her little friends come to the dear Savior. If you too could only

say with her, "*I love Jesus; yes, I do,*" then you would know why she is "*so happy.*" But you must first come and give yourself all up to Him who died for you, and then he will give you a *new heart*—a happy heart.

"Saturday, May 1st, 1869.

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I feel so happy now; and when I sing '*I love Jesus; yes, I do,*' I think I feel just what I sing. I want to tell you something that I think will make you so glad, as it did my Sunday-school teacher.

"We had a meeting at our Sunday-school just like, or nearly like, the one you held for us children last week. When the pastor of our church asked all those that thought they had found Jesus—and all of our class did—all were there but one, and

she said she would not come while you were here. But we have been praying for her, and are going to talk to her, and ask her how she can ever repay the great debt she owes her Savior, who died on the cross that she might be saved.

“I spoke to my seat-mate at school, and asked her if she loved the blessed Savior; and she said she thought she did, and would try and go in the right way, which leads to life eternal. I am trying to go in that right way.

“I can not stop speaking about Him who died on the cross for me. I am eleven years old and five months.

“Yours very truly,

“Laura ——”

In Indianapolis, where little Laura lived, many more boys and girls learned to trust

their Savior. Last winter, over two hundred and fifty came from one of the meetings in the church to the *young converts' meeting*. Two gentlemen stood at the door and examined each one, so that no "goats" might get in with the lambs into the "fold." Among the number was a boy, whose letter I think you will like to read. I shall send it to the printer just as it stands—little "i's" and all.

"Indianapolis, Ind., May 1st, 1869.

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I 'tended your first meet you held Sunday afternoon. I didn't want to go at first, but my good, dear mother urged me to go; and now i have got hold of the first link of the golden chain; and now i am so happy i feel like working for Jesus all the time. Will you pray for me, that i may hold out faithful to the end?

“There was a boy came to me, and wanted me to go to the circus; but i would not go. I told him i was going to the children’s meetings; and i asked him to come and go with me; and i wanted you to ask the Christians to pray for him. And our Sunday-school teacher is such a good Christian; he often talks to us, and tells us about Jesus. He has often prayed for our conversion. We are eight in number. There are three of us has been converted. Will you pray for the rest of our class, that they may come to Jesus?

“From your friend,

“_____”

Perhaps you do not know what this boy means when he says “I HAVE GOT HOLD OF THE FIRST LINK OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN.” I will tell you.

I once told the children that I had a nice present for each of them—a "*golden chain*." Each could have one if they would accept of it. It reached all the way to heaven; and if they got hold of the "first link," they would get hold of the "last link" by and by.

I then explained to them how that, if they would come to Jesus and trust in him, he would make them "holy, useful, and happy," and that he would at last take them home to *heaven*; and thus they would reach the "last link" of the "golden chain."

While preaching in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle in London to several thousand children, I spoke of the "golden chain;" and soon after a young man handed to me the following lines, which he had written about it:

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

“The God who made this pleasant earth,
Now waits to give to you
A priceless gift of unknown worth,
Of richest golden hue.

“It is a handsome, precious chain,
Most glorious to behold,
Though many pass it with disdain,
Because 'tis not of gold.

“But if they knew its costly price,
How much Jehovah gave
To purchase it, it would surprise,
They'd wish the chain to have.

“You've heard how God, His only Son,
Sent down to suffer loss;
How, when His works of love were done,
They nailed Him to the cross.

“You've heard how there He hung and bled,
'Midst mockery and scorn;
And how at last He bowed His head,
Encircled with the thorn.

"*This* was the price the present cost—
The life of Christ the Lord;
That we poor sinners, vile and lost,
Might have this great reward.

"Of links, this chain has only five;
Each one more precious far
Than all the gold for which men strive,
Though piled up bar on bar.

J E S U S .

"The first link is the 'Sinner's Friend,'
'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord,
Who to this earth did kindly bend,
His succor to afford.

H O L I N E S S .

"If you by faith the first can grasp,
Then holiness you'll have;
This is the next, oh, hold it fast!
From sin it will you save.

U S E F U L N E S S .

"The third link usefulness is named;
If you the first possess,
I'm sure you have this one obtained,
And Jesus you'll confess.

HAPPINESS.

"True happiness you then will find,
If having all these three,
True pleasure with your work combine
As sure as sure can be.

HEAVEN.

"Then last of all, you shall receive
A glorious home in heaven;
A crown of life to you He'll give,
With all who are forgiven.

"Oh! do this chain at once accept,
Nor careless turn away;
No longer such a gift reject,
But take it now, *to-day*."

Now, my dear little friend, would you not like to get hold of the "*last link*" of the "golden chain?" But you never will reach heaven unless you first come to Jesus, the "*first link*," and trust in him. He has endured a dreadful death, that sinners like you and me might be saved from the punishment we deserved. He

suffered the "*just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.*" How can you help loving him? No friend you ever had has shown such love for you. What a sinner you must be, not to love Him! What an awful wicked and hard heart yours must be! Oh! come and ask God for Jesus' sake to forgive you all your sins. He will do it. He wants to do it. He has been waiting for you to come and ask him to do it for you. Will you not, then, kneel down, and offer, with all your heart, this CHILD'S PRAYER:

"O God, be merciful to me, a poor guilty sinner. I have broken thy good laws, and done many, many wicked things. May thy Spirit show me how very sinful I have been. I know that I deserve nothing but punishment. Thou mightest justly shut me up in thy prison forever,

but thou hast given thy dear Son to die for us. I thank thee that thou didst so love the world as to give thine only-begotten Son, 'that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Help me to believe in him. Show me that I can never get hold of the second link—'holiness'—of the 'golden chain,' unless I first come to Jesus. Teach me that, if I would ever be really 'useful' and 'happy,' I must first come as a poor lost sinner to Jesus, and trust in him, and get hold of the '*first link*.' Open my blind eyes, that I may see those wounds in the hands and feet of the 'Good Shepherd,' who laid down his life for the sheep. Open my deaf ears, that I may hear him saying to me 'LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED.'

“Dear Lord Jesus, I come to thee ‘just as I am.’ Take and make me thine. I give myself to thee. I want to love and trust thee; for I know thou hast loved me. ‘Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.’ I believe thou wilt wash all my sins away, and blot them out of thy book, for Jesus’ sake.

“*Amen.*”

CHRIST'S LOVE TOWARDS CHILDREN.

“CHILDREN! there is none like Jesus,
Fond and tender, gentle, kind;
'Mongst the friends on earth who please us,
None like Jesus you can find;
He calls you lambs.
He marks your names,
And knows the secrets of your mind.

“Sweet the mother's fond caressings,
Kind the anxious father's care;
Sweeter much are Jesus' blessings,
And He watches every hair;

He never sleeps,
But loves and keeps
His little ones as jewels rare.

"Tend'rest mothers *may* forsake you,
Pitying fathers be unkind;
Then it is that Christ will take you,
And to His fond bosom bind.

He'll never leave
His lambs to grieve,
Forgotten, helpless, weak, and blind.

"When you from His fold are straying
To the wolf's or lion's den,
He is to His Father praying,
For He loves you even then:
Goes forth to see
Where you may be,
And yearns to bring you back again.

"See your gentle Shepherd's meekness,
When young children to Him came,
How He smiled upon their weakness,
Cast on men's rebukes His blame.
Yes, children dear,
You need not fear,
Your Savior's love is still the same.

“Spake the Lord to those around Him,
 ‘Heaven’s kingdom is of such;’
Men, not children, sold and bound Him;
 Children lov’d and prais’d Him much;
 They ran to meet,
 To sing and greet,
And gain the Son of David’s touch.

“Pleasing are your smiles and gladness
 In the sight of your best Friend:
Dread to grieve Him, lest His sadness
 Bring your pleasures to an end:
 But come what will,
 Cling to Him still,
And henceforth to His voice attend.

“If you saw a dear friend weeping
 O’er your foolish, sinful ways,
Would you not resolve on keeping
 From such faults for future days,
 And grieve to see
 His misery?
So JESUS WEEPS, when *one* lamb strays.

“Sin to you must be as hateful
 As it is in Jesus’ sight:


Strive to love Him, and be grateful;
Try to think and do what's right;
And He will give
You grace to live
And walk as children of the light. .

"Ready thus for Christ's appearing,
Lambs He'll gather to His rest,
And be seen to heaven bearing
All His children to His breast.
No sin, no sorrow,
No night, no morrow,
But day eternal,—joy the best!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Pet Lamb "Snowy" Stolen — The Search — Snowy "*Redeemed*" — Grateful Children — Christ has *Redeemed* us — His great Sufferings — Do *you* love Him? — He Calls you — Many children heed His voice — Rosa's Letter — Meetings at Leamington — "Little Ones in the Fold" — Katie in Chelmsford, England — Three Little Sisters — I must tell you how happy I feel — "Thirteen years old, without my Savior" — Seven Thousand at a Children's Meeting — Mr. J. Sands — "Jesus is Mine" — "A New Heart" — Kissing the Stones in Jerusalem — "The Bleeding Lamb."

"Return unto Me; for I have *redeemed* thee." — Isa. xliv: 22.

 ID you ever have a beautiful pet lamb? I had, when I was a little boy; and I was very fond of it. It would follow me all about. It knew its name as well as a dog does. I was so fond of it, that I was quite willing to let

it share any little dainties that I might have. But it's not about *my pet* lamb that I am now going to tell you, but about another, whose name was "*Snowy*."

Jane and Mary and William each loved their "Cosset Snowy." Every morning they ran out, almost as soon as they were up, to feed it. One morning they went, as usual, to feed their lamb; but it could not be found. They looked all about the house and fields, but it was all in vain. No one had seen Snowy that morning. At last the good sisters and brother started for the village, which was a mile or two off.

As they came near to it, what do you think they saw? They could scarcely believe it. Why, there was Snowy, with a great rope around its neck; and a large butcher's boy was dragging it away to the *slaughter house, to kill it*. Up ran Willie,



THE PET LAMB. Page 66.

and called out to the boy, "*What are you doing with my Snowy?*"

"It's not your lamb."

"Yes, it is; it's *my* Snowy."

"No, it's not. My master *bought* it, and he has sent me to kill it; and I am going to do so." And with these words, he pulled poor Snowy along through the road, while each of the children were bathed in tears. Just then a gentleman rode up on horseback, and called out, "What's all this noise about?"

William was quick to answer, "He's got *our* Snowy, and he's going to kill it."

The gentleman soon found out all about the matter; for the butcher, hearing the dispute, came out to see what was the trouble: and he told the gentleman that he had *bought* the lamb of a man who must have stolen it from the children.

“Well,” said the gentleman on horse-back, “how much do you ask for Snowy?”

“I will take five dollars for it.”

“Rather than see these children crying so bitterly, I will pay the five dollars.”

The money was handed to the butcher; and the rope was unloosed from Snowy’s neck, and away it scampered after the children.

But what do you think William and Mary and Jane said to the kind stranger who had “redeemed” Snowy? Of course they thanked him with all their hearts. Snowy had been sold to be killed; but he had bought it back; or, to use a Bible word, he had “REDEEMED” it.

It was not much for that rich gentleman to pay five dollars, to “redeem” that lamb. But have you thought of what it cost the Good Shepherd to redeem his flock from

being dragged away to a place of punishment? Before He could say, "I HAVE REDEEMED THEE; I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME: THOU ART MINE," he had to say, "I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE SHEEP."

Yes, that was what He did; He laid down his life for the sheep. "*Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, AS SILVER AND GOLD, BUT WITH THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.*"

You know that, when they pressed the crown of thorns into his head, the blood trickled down his brow. And when the great nails were driven through his hands and feet, the blood oozed out, and fell down upon the ground.

When the Bible says, "Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ," it means, that when we had broken God's

good laws, and deserved to be punished, Christ gave himself up to suffer in our place. He gave himself a RANSOM for us. What a great heart of love he must have had to be willing to die—"THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST, THAT HE MIGHT BRING US TO GOD!"

Have you ever thanked him for this wonderful love? Do you love him for it?

Doctor Doddridge's little daughter was once asked: "Why does every body love you?"

"I do n't know," she said; "unless it's because *I love every body.*"

No one could help loving the little pet, because her heart seemed so full of love to all. But suppose that some of her friends had done some dreadful things, for which they must have been shut up in prison a long time, or have been punished

severely; would she have been willing to have redeemed them by taking their place. But that was what Jesus did. He was not obliged to die for us; but it was because he “LOVED US” that he “GAVE HIMSELF FOR US.”

Will you not come and thank him for this great love? What if those children had passed on without even thanking that gentleman who had “redeemed” Snowy? what would you have thought of them?

And what do you suppose the angels think of you for not loving the precious Savior who “BORE OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BODY ON THE TREE?”

But though you have been so wicked, yet the loving Jesus calls to you: “RETURN UNTO ME, FOR I HAVE REDEEMED THEE.”

What would you have thought of

Snowy, if, after the rope was untied, it had still followed the butcher to the slaughter-house? But if you turn away from Jesus you will be doing something worse than that. You know there are only *two* ways; and all who are not in the straight and narrow way are in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Until you come to Jesus, and trust in him, you are in that dreadful "broad way;" and the dear Jesus knows it; and so he calls after you: "*Return unto me, I have redeemed thee.*"

I am very thankful that many dear children listen to his voice, and come and trust him, and love him for dying on the cross for them.

I have been reading over a great many letters to-day from children who have written to me, and told me how they learned to

love the dear Savior who "redeemed" them with his own "precious blood." It is more interesting to see them just as they were written, some of them full of mistakes, than to read them after they are printed. Numbers of them, I find, are written by children so young that they did not know how to write, and so they had to *print* their letters word by word. Even these little children, who truly love Jesus, can say with Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and with Jeremiah; "O, Lord, thou hast redeemed my life."

Last year we spent three weeks at a beautiful place in England, called Leamington. All around are beautiful drives to places where all the Americans who visit that country like to go.

But I was far more deeply interested in some children's meetings there than

with all the sights about Warwick Castle and Leamington. At one of these meetings I found little "Rosa" weeping most bitterly. After awhile she found that weeping would not save her, but that faith in Christ would save her; and, as a poor, lost lamb, she came to the fold of the "Good Shepherd," and found that he was willing to receive her.

I often saw little Rosa after she wrote this letter, and also her older sister, who told me that she was a changed child. Her letter is short, but I think it means a great deal. Could you write such a letter?

"September 26, 1868.

"When I first attended your meetings I did not care about my soul, but after I went a few times I saw how wicked I had been, and that if I would give myself

right up to Jesus I should be saved. I trust I can now say:

“‘I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross;
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.’

“After the meeting on Wednesday evening, a young lady came and asked me if I loved Jesus. Satan was then tempting me to say ‘No;’ but I did not say it, because I thought I loved Jesus. After I went home, I went and prayed to Jesus to give me a new heart; for he says: ‘Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out.’ And now, dear Mr. Hammond, I hope that if you come to Leamington again, that I may still be clinging to Jesus. I will pray for you and Mrs. Hammond when you are miles and miles away, that you may lead many to Christ.

“Your little friend, ROSA.”

Here is a very nice letter from a boy in that same city of Leamington. I know it will interest you ; and I think you will say that it reads as if the little writer was now in the fold of the "Good Shepherd."

"LEAMINGTON, }
September 18, 1868. }

"I am happy to say that I have fast hold of the first link of the *golden chain*, and I hope I may keep it.

"When I think of *Jesus Christ*, what a cruel death he died to save sinners, of whom *I* am the chief, then I ask myself the question: Why did I not turn unto *Him* and live? and why have I rejected *Him* so long, *Who* has suffered so much for me?

"I never was so happy as I was when I went up on the platform last night, when

you said: 'All that are not *Christians* up here are telling a very great lie.' I felt half resolved to go down, when something whispered to me: 'Do n't go down if you feel that you love the *dear Jesus Christ*, who loves you so much.'

"Perhaps we may never meet again in this world; but when you are miles and miles away from here, my prayers will never be said without thinking of the *dear Mr. H.*, who led me to understand them.

"From your little friend.

*

" 'I *have* left all *my* sins at the foot of the cross;
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.'

" 'He was bruised for our iniquities; He was wounded for our transgressions. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' "

About seven years ago I published my

first book for children. "*Little Ones in the Fold*" was the name of it. It was full of letters from children, telling how they had found peace in believing in Jesus.

I have often wished that I had tried to make it more interesting to children, and sometimes I have been almost sorry that I let it be published. But when I went over to England I learned that it had been republished there and six thousand copies sold. And I found that a good many who often addressed children were in the habit of taking that book and reading the letters to their little hearers; and so I saw that these children's letters were doing a great deal of good. The children who wrote them never thought that they would be printed. And so it may be that God will use some of these letters in

“Gathered Lambs ” to help Christians, in other countries as well as in this, to interest the little ones and to lead them to Christ.

In Chelmsford, in England, little “Katie,” of eleven summers, thus writes about herself and her two sisters—whose letters also I will let you read. The oldest of this trio is but thirteen.

I often saw them at their own home ; and their mother told me that she had no doubt that they had come to Christ and been truly converted, or turned from going the wrong way that leads down to hell.

If you were converted, you, too, could say with Katie :

“ I HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY.”

“ I know Jesus loves little children ; for he pardoned my sins a little more than a year ago, when my dear mama was pray-

ing with me in her room. But I have been so happy at your meetings that I thought I must write and tell you. Two of my dear sisters have found Jesus since you came; and we are all so happy. Jesus said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Your little friend,

"KATE ANNIE DIMBLEBY."

Age, eleven.

Mary Jane, Katie's little sister, says:

"I found Jesus a short time ago. I feel happy. I hope all the other little children will find Jesus and be happy. I hope I have a new heart. I love to attend your meetings; and I very much enjoyed the prayer-meeting this afternoon.

I knew I was a sinner a year or two ago. I felt happy at the meeting in the new school-room, at London road, about a fortnight ago. My brother is writing this for me while I tell him what to say.

“Your little friend in Jesus,

“MARY JANE.”

Little Emily, the third sister, seems to love her great Redeemer. If she is really a Christian, she will often feel her own weakness, and that all her strength to do her duty and to walk in the right way must come from the Lord; and her prayer will often be:

“Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.”—Psalms xix: 14.

She will find her prayer answered; for

Jesus' words are: "Ask, and ye shall receive." By sweet experience she will learn that God's Word is true when it says:

"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."—Psalms xxxiv: 22.

"I must tell you how happy I feel. I found Jesus last Wednesday week. My dear teacher had been telling me how Jesus loved us, and I felt that I must love him and give him my heart. I felt very unhappy before, because I was a sinner. But when Jesus pardoned my sins, I wanted to sing all the time.

" 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!'

"Your young friend,

"EMILY DIMBLEBY."

Still another letter from Chelmsford, which says :

“I HAVE LIVED THIRTEEN YEARS WITHOUT MY SAVIOR, AND NOW I HAVE FOUND HIM.”

How many years have you lived without Jesus? O! let this be the last!

“I thought I must write to tell you how happy I have felt since I have been to the last meeting. I feel I have found my Savior, and I do love him. A kind friend came up to me and talked with me, and I felt I was a great sinner; but now I feel happy. I have lived thirteen years without my Savior, and now I have found him. I wish to be one of Jesus' lambs.

“SARAH MARTHA.”

How many children did you ever see gathered in one place? Perhaps you say: "I once saw three thousand." Well, that is a great many. But I have seen more than that. At my first children's meeting, at Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, in London, one of his deacons told me there were *eight thousand* present. I could hardly believe it. But he told me why he thought so, and I could but think there were certainly over seven thousand of little ones packed in that great building. You know many more children can get into a building than grown people, especially if they stand crowded together in the aisles.

Mr. John Sands, with whom I lived four months in London, sat near me on the platform weeping much of the time when I was speaking to the children. Why do you

think he wept? He was a good Christian and *knew* that he loved his Savior, and that heaven would be his home forever. Why, then, did he weep? I will tell you. As he looked upon that great company of little ones he felt that each of them had a precious soul to be *saved* or *lost*; and that *that* Sabbath afternoon would be a *turning-point* with many. And so he wept—while he prayed most earnestly that God's Holy Spirit might open their blind eyes to see that they were lost sinners, and that Jesus, the Good Shepherd, had borne the punishment they deserved.

His prayers were answered; for that afternoon, and night after night during the week, hundreds of the dear children were bathed in tears. And then, as they saw how ready Jesus was to save them, their tears of sorrow were changed to

those of joy. Among the number was a dear child, whose letter I think you will like to read. She says:

“Through the kindness of a friend I first heard of you. I had a book given to me, called ‘Jesus’ Lambs,’ written by you. I had thought I had loved Jesus before, but when I read that book I felt how wicked I was, and how kind and loving dear Jesus was to come down from heaven and die for us. Yesterday night I came to your meeting at Mr. Spurgeon’s tabernacle, and then I felt I could, indeed, give myself to Jesus, and sing ‘Jesus is mine.’ I have several of your little books, among them, ‘The Little Boy who crossed the Atlantic without a Ticket.’ O, dear Mr. Hammond, when I read that book I knelt right down and asked Jesus

to give me a ticket to get to heaven; and I think he has.

“Please write to me and tell me some favorite verses of yours out of the Bible.

“You said last night you were going to America. I pray God will bless you and all those whom you have helped to find Jesus. My dear mother died last August; and I found such a beautiful hymn in your hymn-book, ‘To our Mother in Heaven.’ I have two sisters and two brothers; one is a little baby. I asked him to-day if he loved Jesus, and he said Yes. I told how Jesus came down from heaven and was crucified. Please pray for my dear sisters who have not found Jesus. One is older than I am.

“I remain, dear Mr. Hammond,

“Yours lovingly.

“From your little friend, aged thirteen.”

Now, my dear little friend, can you, with the writer of this last note, say, "Jesus is mine?" If not, do come to Him "just now"—just as you are. Do not try to make yourself better. Come to him and *he* will make you better. God will not only forgive you all your sins, but he will at the same change your heart, and then you will have what the Bible calls a "new heart." His promise is: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Yes, he will do all this for you for his dear Son's sake—who has REDEEMED us with his own *precious* blood.

I saw many people in Jerusalem kissing the very stones upon which they were told JESUS had trodden; yes, and wetting them with their tears. But I wanted to tell them that that would not save them,

and that they must come and give themselves all up to Christ and believe in him as their only Savior, if they ever expected to escape from hell and to reach heaven at last. And that is just what you must do if you expect to be saved. O, think of how he bled and died on the cross that you might be saved!

A friend of mine in London, Mr. Charles Davis, who attended those children's meetings at Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, handed me at that time some beautiful little verses, which, I hope, will just express your feelings as a CHILD'S PRAYER.

Jesus, thou hast loved me;
Borne my guilt and misery;
Yet, alas! I've slighted thee,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

Now, with broken heart, I pray:
Take, O take my sins away;

GATHERED LAMBS.

Let me love thee from this day,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

Let thine arms be opened wide;
Draw me to thy wounded side;
Let me ever there abide,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

By thy suffering on the tree,
By thy bitter agony,
Now forgive and rescue me,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

I can see thy sacred face,
Wet with tears of melting grace—
Pale and cold in death's embrace;
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

I can only weep and sigh;
Jesus hear a sinner's cry;
Turn on me a pitying eye,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

From thy feet I will not move
Till thou show me all thy love;
Hear and bless me from above,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

Yes; thou hast in love divine
Cleansed this sinful heart of mine;
From this day will I be thine,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

Savior, now I love thee well;
Thou hast rescued me from hell;
Thine is love no tongue can tell,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

I will praise thee every day,
Till by death I'm called away;
Then I'll sing to thee for aye,
O, thou bleeding Lamb!

CHAPTER V.

Our visit to Jerusalem—Gethsemane—Calvary—Rules in School—Prisons—All Sinners—Christ died for us—The Story of his life and death—Our visit to the places where He lived—His great sufferings—"Why forsaken"—He will save you now—Letters from happy children—Poetry—"Jesus on the Cross."

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i : 29.



WE have been talking a good deal in the other chapters of this book about the "GATHERED LAMBS," but in this chapter I want to tell you, more fully and clearly than I have done, how it is that because Jesus, the "Lamb of God," laid down his

life for us, God is now able to save and gather the lambs.

I pray that you may understand what I am now to say to you. This chapter is the most important of all in the book, for it tells you just what Jesus has done for us, and how he can now gather lost and sinful children into his fold.

I was glad, when in Jerusalem, to go to the place where the altar stood, and where thousands of innocent animals were slain, to lead the young and old to think of Christ who should come to redeem the world. It was a great pleasure to walk upon that sacred ground where the temple of Solomon once stood; but we took more pleasure in visiting those places where Jesus, the Lamb of God, suffered for our sakes.

We visited the garden of Gethsemane,

where he sweat those great drops of blood; where he cried: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and Pilate's hall, where they mocked and scourged him with a great whip, until the blood ran down his back; where they crowned him with thorns till the crimson drops covered his face; where they buffeted him with the fist till "his face was marred more than any man's." There we thought of how he "was wounded for our transgressions, and was bruised for our iniquities." But O, my dear children, I can not tell you how we felt when we stood upon the very spot where multitudes believe the Lamb of God was slain for the sin of the world.

Some people think that if they only go to Jerusalem, where Jesus died, that they are sure of reaching heaven at last. But

this is a great mistake. No one can go to heaven unless they first believe in Jesus as their Savior, and trust in him. Then they will learn to look to him, and will show by their changed lives that they are really his.

But, my dear children, perhaps you ask why was it that Jesus had to die for us? Could not God have saved us without the holy Jesus dying in our stead? This is a very important question, and I have been praying to God to help me to explain it to you.

You go to school, perhaps, and understand what rules are. Your teacher tells you that if you break these rules you must be punished. Are you angry with your teacher for making these good rules? Oh, no; you think it is quite right. Your parents would not send you to a school

where there were no rules—where the teacher allowed the children to behave badly, and to do mischief, and never study at all. Your parents would say: “There is no use in sending our children to such a school as that; they will never learn any thing, and they will fall into bad habits.” If you are very naughty, and break these rules, and are punished for it, your father and mother know it is quite right, and though they are sorry for it, they are, after all, glad that you have a good teacher, who tries to make you good children.

You understand what the laws of the country are. You know that when men break these laws, they are punished for it; because people could not live in the world unless wickedness were checked. You have seen prisons, where men and

women, and even children, are kept shut up for years, and where they have to work hard, and sleep each in a little dark cell every night alone. Is it not right for these men to be shut up in prison when they break those good laws of the land? The wise men who make these good laws, and who punish wicked people for breaking them, do so to warn others, and for the good of the country. It is quite right, is it not? No good men are angry with those wise men for punishing the wicked people who break the laws.

You know, my dear children, that all who live in this world have sinful hearts. There is not a child, or man, or woman in all the world who is not a sinner against God. Our natures are sinful, and our acts are sinful. God's Word says: "All have sinned;" and it also says,

“The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” And that does not mean merely that our bodies must die, but that *we* who live in these bodies must, when we die, be forever shut out from the presence of God in heaven. All are sinners; all have broken God’s good laws.

You, yes, *you*, my dear little friends, have broken God’s laws many times. Perhaps you have not thought of this very often; but it is true. If you should die to-day without being forgiven, you could never enter heaven; for the Bible says: “The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment.” (Matt. xxv: 46.)

When God desired to save a world of guilty sinners, the Son of God freely gave himself to die in our stead. Though we were so wicked as to rebel against God, yet Jesus’ heart was filled with love, and

he cried: "Deliver them from going down to the pit; I give myself a ransom."

Not only did Jesus Christ love us, but God loved us; for it says in John iii: 16: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It must have been very hard for God to give up his well-beloved Son. He must have loved him infinitely more than any father on earth ever loved his child.

At the appointed time Christ came into the world, and took upon him our nature, and obeyed all God's laws. He never committed a single sin. Thirty years he lived in Nazareth. When I was in Palestine I went to see that place, and saw the fountain from which he drank. We wandered over the hills where he had

often walked; and we stood upon the brow of the hill where his angry townsmen were ready to throw him down, because he preached the Gospel faithfully to them. During the last three years of his stay on earth he wrought many miracles. He raised the dead to life; he opened the eyes of the blind; he healed the sick. We sailed upon the sea of Galilee, upon which he once walked. On the north-eastern shore of the lake we visited Capernaum, where he raised to life Jairus' little daughter. We walked upon the hillsides where he fed five thousand people with five loaves and a few fishes.

We visited Bethany, where Martha and Mary lived, and where Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. We stood beside the tomb, or rather the deep cave from which it is believed he called Lazarus forth to

life. Visiting this place made us realize that Jesus is *God* as well as *man*; for no mere man could raise the dead to life. No man could walk upon the sea. If he had been only a man, though he might have been a very good man, his death would not have done us any good. He was God as well as man; he is the one “*mighty to save.*” The Bible says he is “able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him.” (Heb. vii: 25.) Yes, my dear children, he is able to save every one of you. You have only to come to him just as you are, and trust in him. He will at once receive you, and God will forgive you.

But though it is such an easy thing to come to Christ and be saved, it was not an easy thing for Jesus to die in our stead. I can never, never tell you how much he suf-

ferred for us. The very thought of what he had to endure, in order to make it possible for God to save us, caused the bloody sweat to run down from his brow in the garden of Gethsemane. And yet he loved us so much that he did not shrink from the suffering which he must endure. When the heavy lashes were being laid upon his bleeding back in Pilate's hall, when he was crowned with thorns and spit upon, he might in a moment have destroyed his cruel tormentors, and gone away to heaven. But if he had done that he could never take us to heaven with him when he comes again to receive his own. He knew what he would have to endure for us, yet he gave himself up willingly to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his

mouth." (Isaiah liii: 7.) After he had been insulted in every way, he let them lay the heavy cross on his bleeding shoulders, and then he let them lead him along the sorrowful way, until his body sank beneath the crushing weight. At last he reached the place called Calvary. There they laid hold of him, thrust him down upon the cross, and with blow after blow they drove the cruel nails through his hands and through his feet.

O, think of it, my dear children, think of having nails driven right through your hands and through your feet. Do you suppose, if you could save the life of some little friend of yours, that you would have been willing to have had nails driven through your hands and through your feet, and to be fastened to a cross of wood, and left there to die? Would you be willing

to hang there upon that cross, with nothing but vinegar to drink, while the burning fever parched your lips, and your bones were out of joint? Supposing some one had suffered such a death as that for you, that he might save you from temporal death, do you not think you would love the very name of that friend? I am sure you would. It seems to me you could not help it. Ah, how can you help loving this dear Jesus, who suffered more for you than any human being ever suffered for another. Only think of it, when "he, who knew no sin, was made sin for us," and was treated as a sinner in our place. Then God turned his face from him; and, in agony greater than we can understand, he cried: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Ah, my dear little children, I will tell

you why he was forsaken. It was because our sins were upon him. "He was bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." He "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Now, because he has suffered for our sins, God can freely forgive us. He will do it the moment you trust in him. I should think you would hate all the sins that you have ever committed, when you remember that it was your sin that helped to nail the loving Jesus to the cross.

I will tell you something else which is very wonderful, and which God will do for you if you come to this Savior and trust in him. He will not only forgive you all your sins, but he will also change your hearts, so that you will love him—you will love the precious Savior, and

love to do that which is pleasing in his sight. You will then find you are walking in a new path altogether; that you are turned round from the way that leads down to death and hell, and that you are now walking in the way to heaven. Then you will understand the meaning of that word "*conversion*." For when a child is converted, he is turned from the error of his ways.

I have known many dear children and youths who have believed in the precious Savior. They have seen him bleeding, dying on the cross for them, and they have given themselves entirely to him. They have been drawn by God's Holy Spirit to love him and work for him all their lives, and to seek to bring others to him. And the Holy Spirit has enabled these dear children to love God, and helped

them to turn right about and to lead new lives, and has filled their souls with joy and peace, which they never knew before. I have seen hundreds of these dear children, with their smiling, happy faces, and heard them sing:

Jesus on the cross I saw,
Bleeding, dying, all for me;
I could almost hear him say,
"All thy sins are pardoned thee."

I have seen Jesus, I have seen Jesus,
I have seen Jesus,
My Savior on the cross.

Oh, how can I longer stay?
Jesus bids me come to him;
I will give myself away,
He will wash away my sin.

Oft my sins have troubled me,
Then a cloud was on my brow;
Now my Savior I can see,
And I'm very happy now."

It was one sentence in a letter from one of those happy groups of children in America that suggested those simple lines. "One evening," she says, "I went to church, and tried to listen, when suddenly I saw the loving Jesus on the cross looking at me, and I could almost hear him say that my sins were forgiven. It was almost too good to believe. The next evening I could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation."

I find upon my table a letter from a little girl in London, that I am sure will interest you. I will let you read a few sentences of it. I am sorry I can not find the first letter which she wrote me. I was so much pleased with it, that one day I thought I would write to her, and I very soon received this answer from her:

“I am so pleased to hear from you. I am happy to tell you that I still love Jesus. Will you pray for me that I may do so always? Mr. Noel has had such nice childrens’ meetings for us since you were here. We all pray for you. *I like working for Jesus very much.* The other day I spoke to some little girls about Jesus, and they called me ‘old mother Methodist;’ but I do n’t mind it; for I know that Jesus suffered so much for me. My dear little sister, who is only four years old, loves Jesus. She is always singing the nice hymns out of your ‘Hymn and Tune Book.’ I can’t tell you how happy I am.

“Your affectionate little friend, ——.”

Here are a few sentences from another little girl’s letter from London :

“When you first came to our school I used to laugh, and try to draw off the attention of those around me; but now I feel my dear Redeemer has washed all my sins away. Dear Mr. Noel came to our school once since you were here, and told us some nice stories about being the servants of God and the servants of Satan. I am very fond of this text: *‘He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.’* (Isaiah liii: 5.)

“We have had some nice children’s meetings since you were here.”

Here is a letter from a little girl only ten years of age. I wish you could say with her, *“I feel so happy.”*

“I hope you will excuse the liberty I am

taking. A little girl brought me to your meeting. I know I love Jesus now. I feel very happy since I attended your meeting. How very kind Jesus was to forgive such a sinner as I am. I am ten years old."

*

Would you not like to be as happy as this little child of ten summers? But you never will be truly happy unless, like her, you understand how it was that Jesus, the Lamb of God, bled and died on the cross for us. When this girl saw how wicked she had been not to love and trust the dear Savior, she was at first afraid he would not receive her; but when she seemed to hear him saying to her, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out," then she felt that she could and would trust him; and now, you

see, she says: "I feel very happy;" and so if you will trust in Jesus, you, too, will be happy. He is the only one that can save a sinful child like you. You have been very wicked not to love him; but he will forgive you. O, then, do not delay, but go at once and ask him to receive you; and I know he will, for he loves little children. It was for them he died as well as for older persons.

When he was on earth, he took them up in his arms, and blessed them, and said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Luke xvii: 16.) Do not turn away and say, "It is time enough yet." The longer you refuse to come to this gracious Savior, the harder your heart will be. How sweet to know him while young, that you may

have your whole life to spend in the enjoyment of his love. Oh, then, will you not now, while you are fresh and young, come and give yourselves to the loving Savior, who gave himself up to die that dreadful death on the cross for us?

I have seen a great many children, some very young, who have learned to know Jesus as their Savior, and their happy faces told the joy that was in their hearts. When a little child or grown person trusts in Jesus, the Holy Spirit comes into their hearts and enables them to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. The first fruit we are told of in the Bible is "*love*," and the next is "*joy*." (See Gal. v: 22.) So, if you love Jesus, you will be a happy child—happy now and happy forever.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

"Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—
Eph. v: 2.

Here it was the Lord of glory
At Golgotha died for me;
Here I read the wonderful story
Of his death to set me free.

Here his hands and feet all bleeding,
Fast were nailed unto the cross;
Here his wounds for me were pleading,
When my gain was all his loss.

Here by God he was forsaken,
When he took the sinner's place;
For his sake I now am taken
Into favor under grace.

Here the sword of justice slew him,
That I might be justified;
Praise the Lord, I ever knew him,
That for me he bled and died.

Blessed Jesus, I will love thee,
Love thee till my latest breath;
And in heaven I will adore thee,
When these eyes are closed in death.

THE STRAYED LAMB.


- " A little lamb, one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.
- " Not all the flock that shared his love,
Could from the search delay him;
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.
- " But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lay
He clasped his arms around it.
- " And, closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

“And thus the Savior will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.

“Blest while they live; and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him forever.”

CHAPTER VI.

A Story for little Christians, to help them to keep "Looking to Jesus"—"The meetings feed me"—Journey through the Forest—Flock of Ducks—Our Shipwreck—"Looking only to Jesus, the Crucified One"—Discouraged—Don't give up—Jesus will receive you back—Resist the Devil—"Sometimes Satan will tempt me"—Boys Letters—Closing Lines—Jesus is our Shepherd.

 F now, my dear little friend, you have carefully and with prayer read the other chapters of this book, then I can but hope that you have really learned to love the dear Savior, and that you now wish to keep *looking unto him*. I have prayed a great deal that all the dear children who shall read "Gathered Lambs" may be led by God's

good Spirit to trust in Jesus with all their hearts, and so be saved from many sins and sorrows in *this* world, and saved at last in heaven forever. Do you think my prayers have been answered in your case? Have you come to Jesus? Do you ask him every day to feed your soul, just as the sheep in the cold winter look to their shepherds every day for their food. Are you *in* the fold? Jesus says: "By me, if any man shall enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." He will feed and take care of your body and your soul. The promise is: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Those whom Jesus feeds do not hunger after the forbidden vanities of this world. They have joys that others know not of.

There was a poor “charity scholar” in London who, after she was converted, used to attend all my meetings, and often walked four or five miles day after day to get to them. One day she had to walk six miles; and so she got no dinner. My wife asked her if she was not hungry. “O, no,” said she; “the meetings feed me.” She meant that she got so much good to her soul in them that she had rather lose her dinner than the meetings.

Do n’t you think this poor little girl was one of Jesus’ “*Gathered Lambs?*” “O, yes,” do I hear you say? “but I am not quite so sure that *I* am one now. I remember the time when I *thought* that God, for Christ’s sake, forgave me all my sins.” I think you are just like a good many dear children I have known. You thought at one time that you loved Jesus; but you

often find so much sin in your heart, that you are often led to say: "I fear I am not one of Jesus' lambs at all." Your sins have troubled you, and seemed to press you down, so that you have been sometimes quite discouraged, and ready to give up trying to look unto Him?

Is this your case, do you think? Then I have a little story for you, which I think will help you to press forward, and to keep looking unto Jesus. (Heb. xii: 2.)

In the summer of 1864 I had been preaching day after day and month after month, telling dear little children about the precious Savior, till at last I was so tired that I felt that I must have a little rest; so I determined to take a long journey—one hundred and sixty-three miles through the forest—from St. Paul to Lake Superior. And with a dog, and

gun, and one guide, I set out, and traveled day after day, camping out at night among the wild Indians away in the thick woods. We came to a town on the borders of the great lake, and thence we took a boat for a long voyage on the St. Louis River. Sometimes we stopped and wandered far off into the wide forests, and spent days and nights in fishing and hunting.

At last we turned our way back to Superior City; and one day as we were sailing along a narrow part of that great lake, and were within a few miles of our home, we saw off to the right a large flock of ducks. The wind was blowing very hard; it was just in the right direction to take us to our home. The great white caps were all around us, and our sails had sent us skimming over the

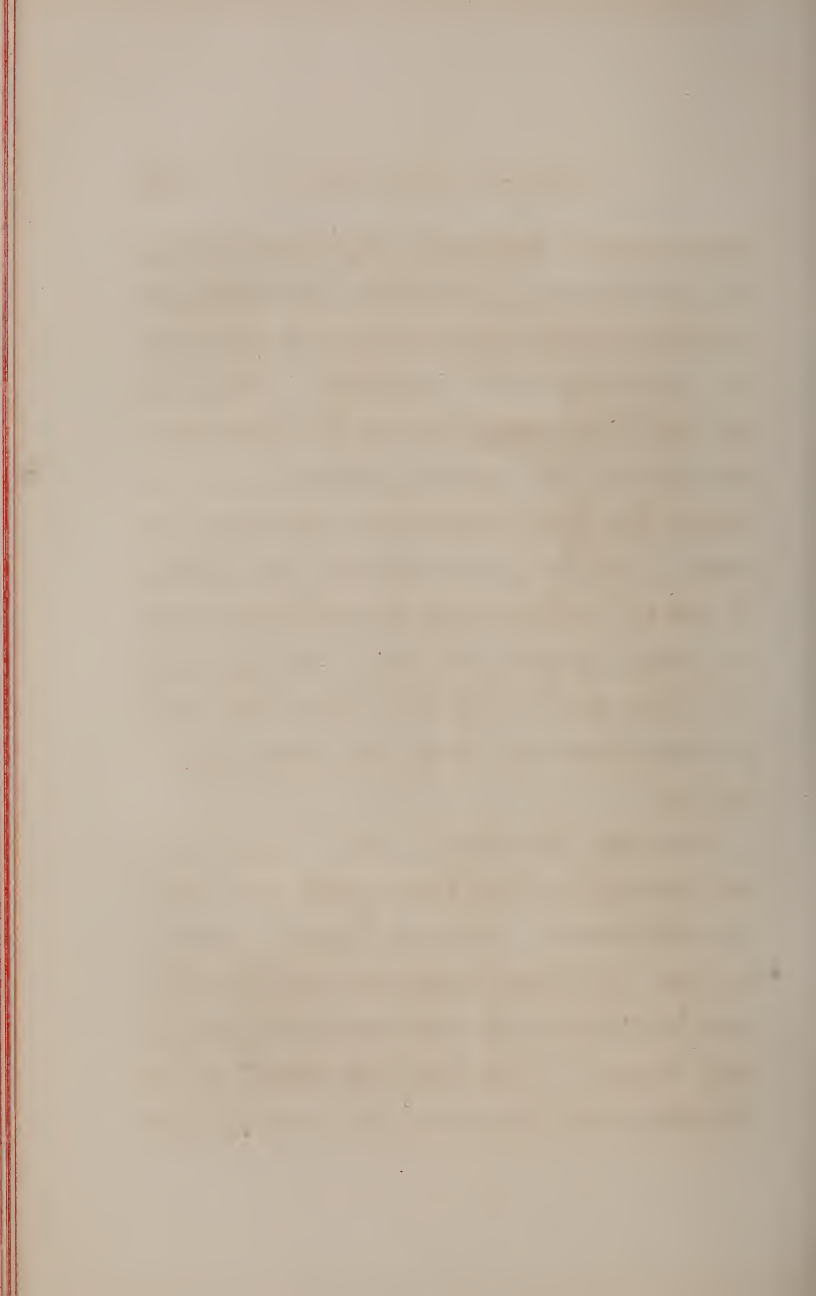
waves. But oh, we wanted *those ducks*. For days we had had nothing to eat except what our guns and fishing-tackle had brought us.

If we had only kept our eye on the harbor we should have been all right; but those *ducks* were too tempting. We tried to turn the boat about so as to get them; and in a shorter time than I can tell it, *over went the boat, and down we went out of sight under the water.*

But we both knew how to swim, and quickly we rose to the surface. The boat was filled with water. We swam to its side and tried to get into it; but our weight caused it to sink. We, therefore, went behind it and pushed it along as we swam. Finally, we came to a shallow place, where the water was about up to our arms. There we stopped and baled the



“OH! WE WANTED TO SEE DUCKS.” Page 122.



water out of the boat. We had nothing but our hats to do it with; but with perseverance, and after an hour's work in the icy cold water, we succeeded. We then got into the boat, hoisted our sail, fixed our eye on the harbor, bade adieu to the ducks that had tempted us, and away we went. Ere long we reached our harbor in safety, feeling none the better for having been in the cold water for an hour. We were glad enough to get on the solid ground, where we found dry clothes awaiting us.

Now, my dear little child, I know you are wondering why I have told you about this shipwreck. I think I can explain it to you. Perhaps it was not long ago that you had taken for your motto, “Looking unto Jesus.” You then felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven you all your

sins. Your heart was filled with joy as you sang:

I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away;
For Jesus is a friend of mine;
I'll serve him every day.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine!"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

That was how you felt then. The Bible was precious to you. Every morning and evening, and sometimes during the day, you were alone with Jesus in prayer.

You felt that you could not live without communion with him. You often heard him saying: "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto thee." You felt that he was to you the dearest friend on earth. You often seemed to see his wounded hands, and bleeding brow, and pierced side; and with tearful eyes you sometimes exclaimed: "He was wounded for *my* transgressions; he was bruised for *my* iniquities."

You felt that nothing would tempt you to leave him; that you would never displease him; that your eye would always be fixed upon him. The sails of hope were catching every breeze, bearing you along toward the haven of eternal rest. The rudder "conscience" was guiding you in the right way, and you could sing "My heart is fixed, O God; I will sing and give

praise." And your prayer, you thought, would ever be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" You longed to have your little friends gaze on his loving, smiling face; you wished them to come to Him that their sins might be forgiven. You wished all your little friends to have just such a "new heart" as you felt you had. You loved to sing the sweet hymns about Jesus. You never tired of hymning those words:

Looking only to Jesus, the crucified one,
Who invites all that mourn, "Will you come, will you
come?"

I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross;
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.

Oh, how oft have I heard of the Savior who died
That my fears might be quelled and my tears all be
dried;

But, alas! my proud heart was too stubborn to yield
To His kind invitation to come and be healed.

WANDERING FROM THE PATH. 127

But at length God in mercy has led me to see,
That if I would find safety, to Christ I must flee;
The avenger of blood I have seen on my track;
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.

Thus for days and weeks you were as happy as a lark. But little by little you began to neglect secret prayer. Your studies and your play took up so much of your time, that you sometimes forgot to read your Bible. You could not say with the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." And then Satan tempted you, and you had not in your memory an "It is written" for him, as Jesus had when he was tempted in the wilderness. At last some forbidden pleasures caught your eye, and you were determined to have them—as we were to have those ducks. You saw not the danger before you; you

turned away from following Jesus. Almost before you knew it you were sinking in the waters of despair; you feared you would be lost forever; and were ready to give up trying to be a Christian.

Perhaps that is your condition even now, while reading this book. Now, what are you going to do? How foolish it would have been for *us* when we found our boat full of water, and ourselves half frozen in that icy cold Lake Superior, to have folded our hands and let the boat go to the bottom, and said: "We may as well die first as last." No, we were not so foolish. We baled out the water, spread our sails again, fixed our rudder, and, with our eye on the harbor, away we went, and landed in safety. That is just like what you must do. Bale out the waters of sin by repentance and faith. Think of how wicked you have

been to go after forbidden pleasures, to break God's holy laws, to turn your eye away from Jesus, and to be more influenced by wicked companions than by his loving words. Ask him to forgive you; tell him you are very sorry that, like Peter, you have denied him, and followed him afar off. He will receive you; he will surely forgive you. His words even now to you are: "Return unto me, and I will return unto you. I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely."

If you will thus come to him with sorrow for your sins, confessing them, you will find him "faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness." Will you not do so, even while reading this book? Just now shut your eyes, and ask him to forgive you, promising him that with God's help

you will never turn away from him again. Even now, while you read and pray, you will find the sail of hope is lifted to its place, the winds of heaven are filling it, the rudder "conscience" in the right place, and that you are being borne swiftly along toward the haven of eternal rest.

When the devil tries to tempt you, if you "resist" him he will flee from you; for the Bible says: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." If you keep close to the dear Savior, Satan will not harm you.

I have known hundreds of children in Great Britain and America, little children under twelve years of age, some as young as four or five, who have shown by their happy lives that they were among the number of Jesus' "gathered lambs," and he has given them strength to resist temptation.

A friend of mine asked a little boy in Dublin, when I was there, if he loved Jesus. His face brightened up as he answered: "Oh, yes," in a way that showed he understood what he said.

"But why do you love him?"

"Because he first loved me," was the quick reply.

This little fellow was very small; he did not appear to be more than five years of age. .

She then asked: "When did you begin to love him?"

She could not help laughing as the answer came, in a very decided tone:

"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY."

I saw him afterward, and talked with him, and I could not but believe that for some time he had been a true follower of Jesus.

If you are among the number of those who have their sins forgiven for Jesus' sake, I can tell you that while you have many joys and many pleasures that the world knows nothing of, at the same time you will have some trials and temptations. Jesus has said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi: 28.) Yes, he takes our *heavy burden* from us, and he gives us a *light* yoke to wear; for he says in the same place: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto you souls." God has promised that with every temptation he will make a way of escape for you. (1 Cor. x: 13.) If you, my dear children, have given yourselves to Jesus, then he will not let you fall; for his promise is: "He will gather the lambs

in his bosom." (Isaiah xl: 11.) God, who has so loved little children as to give his Son to die for them, will surely give them all other things they need; for it is written in Romans viii: 32: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" You know good parents sometimes see it necessary to punish their children whom they love, and so God, as a loving Father, will send many things to try you, my little Christian friend; but do not think he does not love you because he sometimes punishes you; for it is written: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." (Heb. xii: 6.)

I will tell you a nice story about a little boy who loved Jesus. One day he had a long chapter of trials in his experience;

but he found in every one of them Christ's words true: "My grace is sufficient for thee." (2 Cor. xii: 9.)

When little Frank awoke one morning, the birds were singing merrily, and he said to himself, "I will try and be a good boy all day; then I shall be as happy as those birds. When night comes I shall not have cause to be sorry for having been a wicked boy." But he knew that he needed God's help to make him a good boy; and as soon as he had dressed himself, he knelt down beside his bed, and lifted up his heart to God in earnest prayer that he would strengthen him to resist every temptation. He then rose from his knees and took up his shoes to put them on; and just as he had got one foot fairly in, he felt something sting his toe. He quickly pulled it off, and there he

found a great ugly wasp that had made his bed during the night in the toe of his shoe. The wasp had not finished his morning nap, and was a little angry when he felt Frank's foot, and so he stung him. Frank could not keep the tears from his eyes. As he reached out his hand for his handkerchief, to wipe them away, a gust of wind blew it out of the window. That was not the worst of it; it was carried into the top of the cherry-tree. Some little boys would have got very angry, and so perhaps Frank would, too, if he had not asked God to make him a good boy, and to help him to resist temptation. So he only laughed, and said to himself: "I will run down stairs and climb up into the tree and get my handkerchief before it blows away any further. When he got down stairs he found his lit-

the sister crying, and his mother told him that he must hold her until she had finished getting breakfast ready. Then he had to tell her about the handkerchief, and she began to scold him, and called him a careless boy. She told him he had no business to leave his handkerchief where the wind could blow it away. Frank's mother was a good woman; but the little baby had been crying during the night, and she had not slept much, so she felt a little cross, as good people do sometimes. After breakfast his mother said: "Frank, I want you to take this jug and fetch me some milk. Do not be long away; get back as quickly as you can, so as not to be late at school.

Away went Frank, and got the milk, and started home, when John Small saw him, and cried out:

"Hallo! Frank, where are you going?"

"Going home with some milk," said Frank.

"Wait a minute," said John.

He then came up and told him that he had seen his teacher round the corner, and that he wanted to speak to him for a minute.

"I'll hold the jug," said John, "while you run and speak to him."

So he left his jug with John, and ran to find his teacher. When he was out of sight John drank up all the milk, and then shouted:

"APRIL FOOL! APRIL FOOL! Didn't you know this was the first of April?" He then set down the jug, and when Frank came back he found it empty. Poor boy! what could he do? His mother had only given him money enough to get

one quart. So he had to go and tell his mother of his sad mishap. He did not get angry, for the Lord answered his prayer and helped him to overcome his temper.

Then away he went to school. After awhile the teacher called up the class in arithmetic. He had told the scholars the day before he wished them to bring examples of their lessons all worked out on their slates; and Frank, who had always tried to get his lessons well, had spent the evening before in working out his examples, and in getting them ready for the class the next day.

When the class was called up he remembered, for the first time, that he had left home in such a hurry, that he had forgotten his slate, upon which he had written the examples. To punish him

for this, and to make him remember the next time, the teacher kept him in during the play-hour, and made him work out the examples again. Frank was very fond of play and fun, and it was hard for him to be kept in; but he was very patient. He remembered his morning prayer, and so, in spite of it all, there was a pleasant smile on his face as he took his slate and sat down to work out his examples.

When he returned home after school, he saw his little sister Carrie busily at work with a pin picking at the cover of his nice new ball.

“Oh, stop! stop!” said Frank, as he flew across the room to take it away from her. But she screamed and held it tight, and Frank was almost angry. Then he thought to himself: “I ought not to be angry with my little sister; she does n’t

know that it is wrong." So he began to speak to her kindly, and after a little coaxing she gave up the ball, and in a few minutes he was out in the yard playing with it as if nothing had happened.

After awhile one of Frank's little friends called to ask him to go fishing with him. He told him of a good place where a great many fine fish had been caught. So off Frank started with him, expecting to get fish enough for their morning breakfast. Down they went to the flowing brook, and threw in their hooks, well baited, as if they expected that all the fish in the river would come for a chance to bite their hooks; but not one came. The fish seemed to understand what the boys came for. They acted as if they had no notion of being caught. Still the boys waited, and waited, and waited, without even a nibble. At last

the sun began to sink behind the western hills. The birds stopped singing, and the dew began to fall. The boys were hungry and tired, and without a single fish. They tied up their lines, and, with their long fishing-poles on their shoulders, they wended their way home. Yet Frank was good-natured about it all. Ah, yes; and the secret of it was, he knew that sweet promise in Isaiah xxvi: 2: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

When Frank went to his little room for the night, and knelt by his bed, and thought of all that had happened during the day, he could not help but thank the Lord, that, though he had had so many crosses, he had not once been angry all the day.

If you, my dear little friends, would be

as peaceful and happy as little Frank was all that day, you must, like him, never forget to find some time each morning to be alone while reading the Bible and in prayer.

I do not wonder that little children who are not Christians often get angry; for their hearts are full of sin. They know nothing about the love of Jesus. They never think of how he is looking upon them, and of how his heart is grieved when they do wrong. The Bible says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii: 9.) But little children who love Jesus have no excuse for giving way to their temper. Such little children ought to show to all around them what a happy thing it is to be a Christian; what a blessed thing it is to have God for their

teacher, Jesus their Savior and friend, and heaven for their home.

There are some grown people who are slow to believe that children can understand the way to be saved. Some of those people are really Christians themselves, and yet they think that none can understand the way of salvation until they are fifteen or sixteen years of age. Some of these people know very likely that you think you have become a Christian, and they are watching you every day to see whether you act like a follower of Jesus. As surely as you give way to your temper, or do any thing that is wrong—if you neglect your Bible or your closet, or speak any unkind words, they will, in some way or other, find it out, and then they will say: "I do n't believe that child was converted. He is just like other

children. He wept a little for his sins, and prayed a little, and learned some new hymns, and then thought he was converted. But it is all a mistake."

Now, what I want, my dear little friends, is, that you should prove, by your changed lives, that **LITTLE CHILDREN CAN BE TRUE CHRISTIANS**. In America many little children have been converted; and, though not more than nine or ten years old, and some much younger, have been united to the people of God, and been permitted to sit down at the Lord's table; and thus have enjoyed the privilege of showing their love for the Savior.

I know of a little girl just nine years old, who was led by God's Spirit to trust in Jesus, and she felt a love for God's people such as she never felt before. She could say with John, "We know that we

have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” (1 John iii: 14.) One day she heard her minister say that all those who wished to unite themselves with the people of God, and to commemorate the love of Jesus in dying for us, would be examined upon a certain day. When the time came, she was among the number waiting to be examined. The officers of the church were rather surprised to see a little girl among those who wished to join the church. They asked her a great many questions, and they were quite satisfied that she was truly a child of God, and so had a right to eat of the broken bread, to remind us of how Jesus’ body was broken for us. Still they seemed doubtful about taking her into the church. Though Jesus had taken her into his loving arms, these office-bearers seemed

afraid to take her into the church. At last the good minister said to her: "You are a very little girl, only nine years old; how should you feel if we were to advise you to wait two or three years till you are older, before joining the church?" She burst into tears, and said to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Hawley, "I want to obey all Christ's commands, and he has said, 'This do in remembrance of me.' " You see that little girl was thinking of Jesus. She wished to please her dear Savior; though she knew Christians were watching her, she thought more of Jesus, who saw her all the time. She knew that verse in the Bible: "Thou God seest me." (Gen. xvi: 13.) And she was anxious always to do what was pleasing to God.

Have you, my little friends, ever thought of publicly joining yourselves to the people

of God? If you are true Christians it is your privilege to do so. I know it will please Jesus to have you do this. It will encourage other little children who are Christians to do the same. You know I told you that it was important for you to remember that many were watching you; but it is far more important for you to remember that Jesus sees you all the time, and to be continually seeking to please him.

Here are two letters from a boy a few miles from St. Paul's, in London. The second was written about three months after the first. You will see how Jesus helps those to cling to him who put their trust in him.

In his first letter he says:

“SOMETIMES SATAN WILL TEMPT ME, BUT I THINK THEN OF MY SAVIOR’S WORDS, ‘GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN.’”

“DEAR FRIEND—I am happy to say that I am happier in the Lord than ever. I love him more and more every day. I am always thinking about him. ‘I feel like singing all the time.’ Sometimes Satan will tempt me in some way or other, but I think then of my Savior’s words, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God;’ and like a coward he flees from me.

“You ask me if Jesus is precious to me. How can he otherwise, when I love him more than any thing in this world—him whose blood was shed for me to wash my sins away; him who was spat upon, buffeted, his side pierced, all for me, a poor, guilty sinner, that I might be saved from the wrath to come? I get nearer and nearer to him every day. I am not afraid

to die now, because I know I shall go to my Savior to live with him forever and ever, never to be parted from him. I shall go to that home above where there is no more pain nor sorrow, but all happiness and light.

“I now look back and wonder how I could have committed such sins as I have done; but I know they are all forgiven, and that it is that makes me so happy, and makes me praise God more and more.

I can sing now with all my heart:

“I love Jesus, hallelujah,
I love Jesus, yes I do;
I do love Jesus, he's my Savior;
Jesus smiles and loves me too.’

One day while looking over this letter which you have just read, I thought I should like to know if the writer was

still clinging to the dear Savior; and so I wrote to him, and I was very glad to get a nice letter in reply. I think it will interest and encourage you.

“DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—You have kindly written to me, asking me if I still love the dear Savior. I am happy to say that I do love him still. I don't only *think* so, but I *know* I do. You ask me how I found him. The first night you came to the hall, after you had done speaking, and we had sung ‘Come to Jesus,’ my sister asked a young man next to her if he knew the Savior. He said he wished to know him, and burst into tears. A young man, coming up at the same time, prayed with him. While he was praying one of the teachers of the school came to me and asked me what was the

matter. I told him that I did not know. He asked me again; I gave the same answer. He entreated me to tell him, and asked me about my soul. I burst into tears, and told him that I could not tell him. I staid to hear no more; I came out.

“My sister asked me when I came out what was the matter with me. I told her it was because I could not find the Savior. She told me how happy she was, and that if she was to die to-night she would be sure of heaven. When we got home she prayed for me. Oh, that prayer! I shall never forget it—imploring God to have mercy on my soul, to watch over and keep me! I went to my room, feeling miserable about my soul. I had no rest. For four days was I like this.

“On Friday I went to the Scotch church.

After you had done, Mr. S—— asked me if I could trust the dear Jesus. I told him I could not. He prayed for me four times. He asked me to pray; I began, but could not go on. He finished for me. He gave me his address, and told me to be sure to write by first post next morning to say that I had found the Savior. I went home heart-broken, determined to do so. I prayed long and earnestly. I awoke early the next morning, prayed three times, went to sleep again. When I awoke I was happy. There was my Savior before my eyes. I can not describe my feelings. I was happy.

“You ask me why I think I am a Christian. Because I do n't seem to like the things I used to, and like the things I used not to like. I feel I love every body; and when I do any thing wrong I feel so sorry

for it, whereas before I thought no more about it. I feel so sorry I never loved the dear Jesus before."

Little Ella, of Cincinnati, who has seen but ten summers, says:

"JESUS HAS MADE ME A LAMB OF HIS FLOCK."

You will like to read her letter. I received more than a hundred such letters from the little ones in the "Queen City."

"Last week as I was attending one of your meetings, a Christian came to me and talked to me of Jesus, who died to save sinners such as I am. Oh, how glad am I to say that Jesus has washed my sins away, and has made me a lamb of his flock. Oh, how I love to hear you

speak of Jesus, and love to sing out of your 'NEW PRAISES OF JESUS.' Please pray for me.

"From a little girl ten years old.

"ELLA."

Little Clara, who lives in the same city as does Ella, says:

"I HOPE WE WILL ALL COME NEAR TO JESUS, WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR US."

Read her letter and see if you don't think that she, too, is among the lambs "gathered" in the fold of the "Good Shepherd."

January 6, 1870.

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I have attended a great many of your meetings,

and I have found Jesus. I was a great sinner, but I think God has forgiven my sins. The dear pastor of the Third Church lent me a book which you wrote, called 'THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN.' I was very much interested with it. I then wanted to find Jesus, and I did; and now I am happy. I have a dear brother and sister that I hope will soon find Jesus. I pray for them, and I hope God will answer my prayers. I hope we will all come nearer to Jesus, who gave his life for us, and love him more and more every day. Please pray for me and all my friends."

"I LAUGHED AT THEM"—"I BEGAN TO THINK I WAS A SINNER."

These are the words of a little boy in Cincinnati. What a wicked child he

must have been to "laugh" at those who were weeping on account of their sins against a good and holy God! Did *you* ever do such a wicked thing? If so, I hope you have long since said with this boy, "I began to think I was a sinner."

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—A few weeks ago, when you were preaching in the church at the corner of Barr and Mound, and as the people were coming out of the church I saw some were crying. I laughed at them; but a few weeks ago I went to hear you preach on Fourth street, and when Mr. Baldwin came around and asked me about my soul, I began to think I was a sinner, and asked him to pray for me. He said he would; and now I hope our prayers have been answered, for I feel that I am a Christian."

At some of the children's meetings in Cincinnati as many as one hundred and sixty used to gather in the young converts' meeting to sing and pray. When the union meetings were held in churches where there was no small room for them to meet in, I used to call them upon the platform and let them sing there, while the ministers and Christians were speaking with the many anxious all over the church.

One evening I went among the happy little ones, and said to them :

“Why did you come up here?”

“Because we love Jesus,” was the reply.

“Why do you love him?”

“Because he first loved us.”

“But why do you think you love him?”

“Because I love to pray,” says one.

“How many of you can say ‘I love to

pray?'" Every one of them held up their hands.

"Can you give me any other reasons why you think you are Christians?"

There was a momentary stillness which was soon broken by a beautiful little girl, only six years of age, who said: "Because I love to read the Bible."

"How many of you love to read the Bible?" All hands again were raised.

"How many of you have wept in these meetings on account of your sins?" About three-fourths of them raised their hands.

"Will weeping save you?"

"No! no!" sounded from all parts of the platform.

"What will?"

A number answered: "Faith in Christ alone will save us."

Among the number upon the platform was a little blind girl, who said: "I felt I was a great sinner, and wanted a new heart."

Among those on the platform that night was a little boy, twelve years of age, who wrote me this letter. Read it, and see if you do n't think that he is one of Jesus' "GATHERED LAMBS." He says:

"I WANT TO DO MORE FOR HIM WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR ME."

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I have given my heart to Christ. The first time you preached to children nobody spoke to me, but on Tuesday a man spoke to me that made a deep impression on my mind. I think I gave my heart to my Savior then. I thought I was converted about seven months ago, but I was deceived. I hope

I am not deceived this time. I feel like singing all the time. My heart is lighter than it was before I gave my heart to Christ. I want to do more for Him who has done so much for me. Please pray for my companions, that they may find Jesus. I have united with the church. Please pray for me.

“‘He bore my sins in his own body on the tree.’

“Your affectionate friend. —.”

“I LOVE TO READ GOD’S HOLY BOOK.”

These are the words of a child of ten summers, who was also among that happy group of children. She says:

“I love to read ‘God’s Holy Book,’ and I think I would be willing to give up every thing for his sake. The first night

I went to your meeting I cried; but you told me that weeping would not save me, but faith in Christ would save me. The next night I felt like singing all the time; and ever since I have been happy. Please pray for me.”

Little Walter, eight years of age, says: “I LOVE TO READ THE BIBLE;” and so will you, my little friend, if you have truly come to Jesus and are now one of his “gathered lambs.”

If you were far from home you would always love to get good letters from your dear father and mother. And should we not love to read the letter our heavenly Father has written us from heaven? I remember very well how Walter sat and wept at the first children’s meeting. He did not wish to go among the young con-

verts unless he felt quite sure he had seen how Christ had died for him, and that he had truly believed in him. He felt that it would be an awful thing to *tell a lie*.

He says:

“CINCINNATI, *December 31st*.

“DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I love Jesus. I can not tell when I began to love Jesus. I love to read the Bible and pray. I did not go up with the children to sing until Monday night; for I did not think I loved Jesus enough. I am going to work for Jesus. Please pray for me, that I may be faithful as long as I live.

“Your little friend,

“WALTER ———,

“Eight years and nine months old.”

I wish you could *see* “Hattie’s” letter.

She is only *five years* old. Walter, whose letter you have just read, is her brother. She had to print each word of her letter. Though it is a short letter, her father told me it took her a good while to do it.

“DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I LOVE JESUS. YOUR FIRST MEETING MADE ME VERY HAPPY. EVERY MEETING MAKES ME HAPPIER AND LOVE JESUS MORE.

“THIS IS FROM

“YOUR FRIEND,

“HATTIE JANE

“BURNHAM,

“5 YEARS OLD.”

“Lulie” says, “MY MOTTO SHALL ALWAYS BE, ‘LOOKING UNTO JESUS.’”

That is a good motto for *any one*. I

hope you will take it for *yours* also. The sheep can not *follow* their shepherd unless they often look to him and see which way he is leading them. Neither can *you* follow Jesus, who "*calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out,*" unless you often look to Him and obey all his words. Every day you should say: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"CINCINNATI, *December* 31, 1869.

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I have found the dear Savior. He is so precious to me. I try to do something for him. I do not see how I could have rejected him so long. When I try to do good, the devil often tries to tempt me not to do so. But I pray to Jesus to help me to resist him, and I think he does. My motto shall always be, 'Looking unto Jesus.' Will

you please pray for me, that I may be a good Christian.

“Your little friend,

“LULIE ———,

“Ten years old.”

Willie says, “I WOULD LIKE TO BE A MISSIONARY, AND TEACH LITTLE CHILDREN HOW TO COME TO JESUS.”

You see, he feels that he has been “gathered ” into the fold. And now, that he sees what a blessed place it is, he wants all the lost lambs to come and join him there.

CINCINNATI, *December* 31, 1869.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND:

“DEAR SIR—I have been attending some of the morning prayer-meetings and

some of the children's meetings and I was very much interested in hearing you tell about Jesus dying on the cross for my sins I felt in my heart that I was a great sinner and I can not tell when I first loved Jesus I bought one of your little singing-books and I love to read the stories and sing the little hymns about Jesus I love to read the Bible and pray and I would like to be a missionary like you to teach little children to come to Jesus. Please pray for me that I may never forgot to love Jesus and pray for my school-mates who have not found Jesus.

“Your friend,

“WILLIE ———,

“Ten years old.”

You, too, my dear little friend, may all your life be as happy as these dear chil-

dren in Cincinnati, if you will not turn from the straight and narrow way, but keep "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

You will then often be heard singing words like these, which I have just written to the tune of "Jesus Paid it All." *

JESUS, I am happy now,
Happy, Lord, in thee;
I have seen thy bleeding brow,
And felt it was for *me*.

CHORUS :

Thou did'st die for *me*,
For me thy blood was spilt
To save my soul from misery,
And cleanse me from my guilt.

Jesus, I to thee would cling
Every day and hour;
Then my heart will always sing
Of thy love and power.

I would ne'er forget to pray
Every day to thee;
Thou wilt teach me what to say,
Thou wilt answer me.

Lord forbid that I should part
Ever from thy side;
Thou with joy wilt fill my heart,
If I in thee abide.

Help me tell to all I know
The story of thy love;
May they quickly to thee go,
And dwell with thee above.

Now, my dear little reader, we must part company. If you have followed my advice in this book, and trusted in Jesus, we shall meet in heaven.

A great many children in the places where I have been have asked me to answer their letters. I have always told them I could not write to each of them, for sometimes I have got more than a

hundred letters in a day. How could I answer them all? I hope that many of these dear little ones will read this book, and then they will feel that they have a long answer to their letters.

It is my earnest prayer:

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

I trust you can all sing as your own experience:

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Jesus is our shepherd,
 Leading on his flock
 To the living waters
 Gushing from the rock.
 And lest foes should injure
 Any little lambs,
 These he gently gathers
 In his loving hands.

Jesus is our shepherd,
Nothing need we fear;
Though the wolves surround us,
None will venture near;
Though we all may often
Wander from the track,
Yet he will not suffer
Any to go back.

Jesus is our shepherd,
We are in the fold—
Carried in his bosom,
Shielded from the cold.
Oh, how safely dwelling
In the Savior's arms,
Guarded from all danger,
Kept from all alarms.

Jesus is our shepherd
None can e'en be lost,
If we but consider
What a price we cost.
How that he, to save us,
Left his throne on high,
Gave himself a ransom
For the flock, to die.

Jesus is our shepherd,
We belong to him;
He it was REDEEMED us
From our guilt and sin.
Therefore, he will keep us,
We are his own lambs,
Purchased with his life-blood
From his side and hands.

Jesus is our shepherd;
When to him you cry,
Hear him whisper softly,
"Fear not, I am nigh."
When your faith is weakest,
And you're full of fear,
Still, Faint-heart, remember
Jesus standeth near.

Jesus is our shepherd,
God's eternal Son;
Mighty power is with us,
Let our foes begone.
God, who formed the ocean
And the starry sky,
When we are in trouble,
Helps us from on high.

Jesus is our shepherd,
Foes can never pluck
Any little lambkin
Once within the flock.
Satan may endeavor
To draw that lamb away;
Jesus will not leave it,
He 'll never let it stray.

Jesus is our shepherd,
We in him rejoice;
Every lamb he calleth
With his gentle voice.
Let us sing his praises,
Pant to love him more.
Hosanna to our shepherd
Be now and evermore.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

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